'The Living Age Brings the World to America'

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1925

Etonian Atrocities

BY

OSCAR BROWNING

That Gallic Touch

More Yankee Impudence

BY

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Moscow Makes the Grade

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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The Letter Contest

* * *

As far as the *Living Age* is concerned, Hindenburg can remain President of Germany as long as he wants to. In fact, our letter contest in which he figured as the hero was such a success that we are already planning more surprises of a similar nature.

But right now, let us urge our male readers to look to their laurels. The first prize of fifteen dollars was won by Mrs. Eleanor Forrester Parker who lives about two stones' throws from our office. The second prize of ten dollars went to Mr. A. Chaimowitz of New York City. Their offerings appear on another page.

The following were awarded honorable mention and will receive the *Living Age* for six months free of charge, whether they want it or not.

HENRY FRANK, of San Diego, California
JOSEPH P. KANE, of Walla Walla, Wash.
ARTHUR LORING, of Mattapan, Mass.
CHARLES REYNDERS, of Ulster, Penn.
ELMER STEPHEN REINTHALER, of N. Y. City
H. B. SCHUERMAN, of Carrollton, Kentucky

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THE LIVING AGE

July 11, 1925

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THIS WEEK

FRANCE, as every good Frenchman knows, is the unique custodian of those traditions of good taste, good manners, and good sense that have made us what we are to-day. Take, for instance, the Chamber of Deputies. Watch them fight. Hear them scream. Listen to the noise redouble as the euphemistic sergeant-at-arms shouts, 'Silence, gentlemen, please!' Go there in the company of *O. Martus* and refrain if you can from exclaiming anything stronger than 'Oh, gracious!'

❦ ❦ ❦

There is war to the death — economic war — between the Japanese proprietors of the South Manchuria Railway and the Bolshevist proprietors of the Chinese Eastern. The former have sunk half a billion yen in their enterprise, and Mr. Hughes's protégés have dispensed the Lord only knows how many roubles. The only fly in the ointment is that the Chinese in Manchuria outnumber the Japanese and the Russians about fifty to one. The whole controversy is raging around the transportation of the soya bean, with whose juices the *Living Age* editorial department, 'This Week' and all, has flavored many a noonday meal at King Wah Lo's.

❦ ❦ ❦

In the last article he ever wrote, modest *Mr. Oscar Browning* left behind him a coy recital of his schoolboy triumphs, interspersed with bloodcurdling descriptions of the tortures to which the little Etonians of eighty years ago were subjected. All the boys, even the most delicate, had to wash their own hands and faces, and they had nothing whatever to eat before breakfast except coffee and buns. Their breakfast then consisted of huge tough rolls which mutilated their delicate fingers. Between this meal and lunch nothing was consumed except brandy snaps and lemonade. Their hunger was then more aggravated than assuaged by an entire sheep's carcass. But by this time even Mr. Browning feels that his readers' capacity for horror must be gorged, and we are spared the final atrocity of the evening meal. There is, however, this to be said for such Spartan education. At least it produces dignified Britishers, not impudent Yanks. That insufferable Iowan who shook hands with George V gives the *Manchester Guardian* a chance to compare the manners of those three staunch allies — England, France, and the U. S. A. In spite of all the missionary work conducted by the Prince of Wales last fall, our country seems to be as badly off as ever.

❦ ❦ ❦

Yet something happened the other day right in our own office that made us wonder if there might not be a ray of hope. This is the story. Robert Sanders and Lawrence Gichner are two high-school students of Washington, D. C. Being distinctly superior young men, — natural aristocrats, you might say, — they were both readers of the *Living Age* and had long admired it from afar. Therefore, when school closed this spring, they took account of stock and found that they enjoyed these two joint possessions — sixty-six cents and a burning desire to see Boston and the headquarters of the *Living Age*. Though they had never, like Oscar Browning, suffered the privations or enjoyed the advantages of an Eton schooling, they were somehow able to make their way to our doors on foot, having earned what money they could as they went along. When they arrived, they asked to be shown our editorial offices and to see our editorial staff in the flesh. Their request was granted, and had they only asked to see the cage where the Yankee Dooley who writes 'This Week' is kept they would have been at the head of this page instead of at the foot.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326—*JULY 11, 1925*—NO. 4227

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ANCIENT LANDS ASTIR

PERSIA continues to be a focus of irritation. If we are to believe the Teheran correspondent of *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Great Britain is scheming jealously to overthrow Riza Kahn in order to profit by the succeeding disorganization to secure profitable concessions in that country. The present Premier's nationalist propaganda does not agree, according to this informant, with the plans of certain groups of exploiters who, in order to gain their private ends, play upon the hostility between fanatical orthodox Mohammedan leaders and modernist secular officials that is manifesting itself in Turkey, Afghanistan, and India, as well as in Persia. 'The intrigues of this Opposition Party instigated by England are responsible for the failure of the American Finance Commission under Dr. Millspaugh, whose contract with the Government is not likely to be renewed when it expires in July.' The Government faces a deficit of about $5,000,000, and is unable to raise money abroad, partly on account of foreign intrigue and counterintrigue over Persian oil concessions.

This interpretation of Persian unrest is contradicted by the vigorous measures taken by the Persian Government against the Russians, who are said to be fighting Riza Kahn's administration because they regard him as a tool of England. One source of friction is that the Moscow Government, in pursuit of its policy of winning the friendship of its Asiatic neighbors, agreed to canceling the capitulations, thereby placing Russian citizens under the jurisdiction of Persian courts — a status that the Soviet's own representatives in Persia refuse in practice to recognize.

Indian affairs have been comparatively quiescent during the visit of the Viceroy to London to confer with the Secretary of State on the working of the Reform Constitution. Mr. Das, the late Swarajist leader, counseled his followers to take no aggressive action while these consultations are in progress, but Mr. Gandhi kept things astir by returning to the theme of Hindu treatment of the 'Untouchables.' Hitherto this campaign has aroused little

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organized opposition from the Brahmans, but his last speech provoked a sharp retort from the orthodox leaders in Benares, bidding him refrain from mixing religion and politics.

Other straws on the current indicate that Gandhi's political influence is waning. His own sincerity compels him to recognize that, while his personal popularity is possibly intact, his political counsels are no longer accepted. Describing in *Young India* a recent journey through the Central Provinces, he said: 'The discarding of *khadar* — homespun — is most noticeable. Instead of a forest of white caps, I see everywhere the provoking black foreign caps on almost every head.'

Immediate interest in Chinese affairs naturally centres around the anti-foreign outbreak at Shanghai. The *New Statesman* believes that real grievances lie behind this disturbance: 'The drastic methods adopted by the Shanghai authorities to crush the outbreak have led the Peking Government to protest and to range themselves on the side of the antiforeign demonstrators.' Communist propaganda is making headway. 'But what are the conditions that give that propaganda its effectiveness?' In addition to the prevailing political and military disorder in China, 'there are the deplorable conditions in the factories of Shanghai. . . . The present state of the Chinese workers is both a disgrace to the employers and a danger to the general peace.'

The Conservative *Saturday Review* shares this opinion. 'In so far as Chinese rioters at Shanghai and Canton are moved by a desire to compel the passage of better labor legislation, they have our sympathy, since the conditions under which workers, and especially child workers, have to live are abominable.' There is the further cogent consideration that 'sweated labor in China is not entirely without effect upon our own unemployment problem.'

Anti-American feeling in Japan has received new stimulus through the decision of the Supreme Court that Japanese who enlisted in the American army during the World War are not eligible to citizenship. This is interpreted as a violation of the pledged word that our Government gave when the men enlisted. Under the title 'America Breaks Faith,' *Yorodzu* says: 'The United States deceived our nationals on that occasion. She has thus belied her honor as a faith-keeping nation.'

Osaka *Mainichi* declared: 'Americans are as spiteful as snakes and vipers. It seemed as if anti-Japanese agitation had abated among them somewhat. Now it has blazed up again more luridly than ever. . . . The Japanese born in Hawaii are completely Americans, so that they are ready to fight their fatherland in the event of contingencies with Japan. . . . There are now 100,000 Japanese in Hawaii, and the annual births are put at 4000. These Japanese are glad to be Americans rather than Japanese.' And yet despite these proofs of assimilation and patriotism, 'the Supreme Court of the United States has handed down a judgment denying the Japanese the right of naturalization that the United States promised them when they joined America's Expeditionary Forces to Europe. . . . We hold the Government of the United States as an impostor. We do not hesitate to call that Government a studied deceiver.'

A landmark was erected in the path along which formal democracy is advancing in Japan when the Government promulgated last May the Law of Manhood Suffrage, which increases the number qualified to vote at general elections from three million to fourteen

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million. The country thereby entered upon a political experiment the outcome of which nobody will be bold enough to forecast. Simultaneously with the promulgation of this law, steps were taken to organize a Proletariat Party. The leaders of that movement include several well-known university professors. The new Party justifies its existence by the protracted business depression in Japan, which it prophesies will prove permanent unless the whole industrial system is reformed. Manufactures serving domestic markets have already reached their limit of development; natural resources are declining; foreign competition is increasing, and therefore industry can no longer afford to maintain a capitalist ruling class. Ergo, the State must introduce radical reforms — curtail the right of property-owners to employ their capital indiscreetly and for their private gratification, reduce the number of idlers, lower taxes on earned incomes and raise those on unearned incomes, and 'adopt an antimilitarist foreign policy.'

*

ENGLISH CHURCH DISSENSION

GREAT BRITAIN — at least that part of it which is embraced within the denominations — is seriously stirred by what the *Westminster Gazette* headlines as 'The Coming Clash in the Church of England' and subheads with the following sensational statement: —

Internal differences in the Church of England between the Anglo-Catholics and strict Protestants appear to be heading rapidly toward an open struggle for supremacy. So far the clergy, rather than the laity, are the chief protagonists of the rival factions, but indications point to an ultimate clash which will embrace laymen and clerics and provide the greatest religious crisis since the Reformation. This may conceivably split the Church of England from top to bottom, resulting possibly in disestablishment, and the definite movement of the warring sections respectively toward greater evangelicism and the Church of Rome. The Anglo-Catholic party, while it may not admit definite movement toward Rome, is declared by its opponents to be reintroducing ritual and practices which were abandoned at the Reformation. Of these the confessional is cited as a case in point.

The Anglo-Catholic Movement, an outcome of the Oxford Movement of more than eighty years ago, upholds the view that the English Church is one branch of the Universal Catholic Church, divided into three branches, the English, the Roman, and the Eastern Orthodox Church. An agreement was reached a year ago between the Eastern Orthodox Church and representatives of the English Church upon this classification. A prominent Anglo-Catholic interviewed by the journal just quoted said: —

The prime difficulty in the way of unity between us and Rome is the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, but this is not the insuperable obstacle that people make it. There are, too, minor matters of difference in the nature of the Roman orders and discipline. Celibacy for priests is merely a matter of discipline, and is trifling compared with the breadth of our movement. The crucial point on which we disagree with the Protestant section is the celebration of the Mass. We believe that the sacrament enshrines the real presence of the Redeemer. The Book of Common Prayer emphatically orders confession in more places than one, together with the absolution of sin by a priest. The use of candles, incense, vestments, and other ceremonial by the Anglo-Catholics, it is claimed, is merely a revival of usages which were suppressed at the time of the Reformation, and are in the true spirit of the one Catholic Church.

Not only is a battle predicted between the two factions, followed by the possible disestablishment of the Church and a definite movement toward either

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Rome or greater evangelicism, but even the present agitation is said to be strengthening the Nonconformist elements in Great Britain. A prominent evangelical declared that in the villages and country towns, where the masses are averse to High Church doctrines and practices, they are leaving the Established Church for the chapels: —

> One evangelical stated that the Anglo-Catholics wanted the doctrines of Rome without Rome itself. Rome is watching the movement with intense interest, but she is crafty enough to say that 'if you come to us you must come on bended knees.' She will not recognize our clerical orders, and she will not admit the marriage of priests. The movement cuts right into the heart of our Protestant ideas, for while we uphold the doctrine of direct access to God, the Anglo-Catholic wishes to interpose a priest between the sinner and his God. They insist, for instance, on the confessional.

AN INDIGNANT BRITISHER

Some day a promoter of international ill-will may gratify his tastes and irritate a more or less extensive audience by filling a book with the uncomplimentary things said about his country in the foreign press. Every nation has its chronic critics, both at home and abroad. There is a French-language journal published in China that delights in printing lurid attacks upon America by Japanese contributors. Latin America has a whole school of journalists and writers who entertain themselves throwing stones at Uncle Sam. One of these, José Silvano, writing in *La Opinion* of Tampico, Mexico, is highly pleased because President Coolidge adjudicated the Tacna-Arica dispute in favor of Chile, because if he had decided in favor of Peru, "against the policy of conquest and imperialism that Chile represents,' he might have awakened a deep feeling of gratitude among the Latin-American peoples that would have manifested itself in a wave of friendship for the United States.

But, for good round vituperation, trust a thoroughly spleenish Englishman, like Mr. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, who devotes a goodly portion of his June editorials directly or indirectly to our humble selves. He distrusts the Americans in world affairs 'because they are too self-centred to understand any external problem.' He assures his readers that New York was elated when Caillaux took the French Treasury portfolio, because it expected he would forthwith draw 'a huge check in dispatch of the debt contracted by France in America in the course of her stupendous and heroic efforts to "make the world safe for democracy," while the United States sat on the fence under the pressure of her hyphenated voters.' He sincerely hopes 'that the French and Italian Governments will offer more resistance to American Shylocks than our Government,' and adds: 'What accentuates the indecency of Washington's present attitude is that the United States is bursting with prosperity promoted by war-profiteering during the years when under their President's injunction Americans were "thinking neutrally."' Finally, to dispose of this particular theme, 'No one whose good opinion is worth having will think the worse of any nation that repudiates this preposterous demand' — our recent invitation to our creditors to propose a way of settling their obligations. 'The world would only think worse of those who succumb to the bullies of Washington and the international Jews of New York.' Mr. Maxse is in favor of making it an offense punishable by a fine of at least one hundred dollars for any banquet speaker to affirm that 'blood is thicker than water.'

We may derive some comfort from the fact that this truculent editor is

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equally severe upon those of his own countrymen whose opinions differ from his own. Mr. Hindenburg's election, which was considered impossible by British officialdom until it occurred, gives him a text for a preachment to them and upon them. 'Were the Germans sportsmen they would give up bamboozling English-speaking diplomats, soldiers, bankers, and politicians, which resembles shooting sitting pheasants.' He counts the old Field Marshal's election a blessing because it will tend to consolidate the hostility of Germany's neighbors.

But Germany and his own spineless countrymen are only a secondary target. The resumption of the gold standard in Great Britain calls Mr. Maxse back to an ever more grateful topic. 'The abject attitude of the Bank of England in the first place, and secondly of the British Government toward the Americans, is depressing and humiliating. . . . Neither "thinks imperially."' He feels sure that had 'President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, General Smuts, and other gifted amateurs, remained by their own firesides throughout the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 . . . if all Welsh wizards and Wilsonian idealogues had remained overseas,' a few hard-fisted men might have made a peace at Versailles so durable, and above all so profitable, that there would have been no occasion for the present discreditable appeal to America for a financial lift.

*

THE SOVIET PRESS

SINCE the Bolsheviki have been in power in Russia and have suppressed all newspapers except their own, Moscow has completely supplanted Petrograd as the publishing centre of the country. The journals of the latter city, like those of Kharkof, Kief, Odessa, and other towns, have sunk to less than provincial rank. Moscow's three great dailies are *Izvestia* (The News), which is particularly the Government paper and is said to have a circulation of 700,000; *Pravda* (Truth), which deals more largely with Communist Party affairs and publishes an issue of half a million; and *Ekonomicheskaia Zhizn* (Economic Life), which has a circulation about half as large as *Pravda* and is devoted chiefly to economic discussions and commercial information.

These papers circulate throughout Russia and Siberia, as does *Krestianskaia Gazeta* (The Peasant Gazette), established only a year ago and already distributed to the extent of 400,000 copies. Moscow also has two local papers, naturally issued from the Soviet printing establishment: *Rabochaia Gazeta* (The Labor Paper), which is small and read principally by the working people; and *Vechernaia Moskva* (Moscow in the Evening), the only evening paper in the city, which attempts, with rather poor success, to copy the boulevard style.

Izvestia, *Pravda*, and *Ekonomicheskaia Zhizn* are large and well-printed papers, though rather dull as to contents. They are doctrinaire Party organs rather than newspapers in the modern sense. Their telegraph dispatches are all received through the *Rosta*, or Government Telegraph Bureau, which is a direct descendant of a Tsarist predecessor.

These papers are printed at the establishment of the former *Russkoe Slovo*, which before the Revolution was the largest daily in Russia. This printing plant is now antiquated, and new machinery is being installed. When that is done the Government proposes to issue an official gazette, thus releasing a large amount of space in the present newspapers that is now devoted to printing Government decrees and notices.

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When the Communists first seized power in Russia they abolished advertisements. These have now reappeared and fill from a fifth to a quarter of each issue. They are solicited by agents as they are in Europe and America. Private as well as public advertisements are inserted. They include the usual Wanted and Lost and Found notices, and insertions by private traders as well as announcements of the great Government trusts.

Not a line of news matter regarding any event abroad or at home is published in a Bolshevist paper that has not been written in the Rosta office. In fact, news items sent out to the provincial press are often accompanied by instructions as to where they are to be placed in the paper and by orders to print them on a specified date. Naturally all telegraph dispatches that reach Europe and America from Russia are received through the same carefully scrutinized and controlled channels. As a result of this a wildcat news-service has grown up just across the frontier and outside of Soviet jurisdiction which sometimes reports events in Russia with an exaggeration and sensationalism aggravated by the repression exercised in Russia itself.

THE BROKEN PROMISE

THE CRIPPLED JAPANESE. 'Did n't you promise me citizenship if I served in your army?'

UNCLE SAM. 'Oh, that was war talk. I 'll promise the same when another war comes.' — *Jiji*, Tokyo

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AT THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES[1]

BY O. MARTUS

'I SHOULD like to see the Chamber, but be sure to give me a ticket for a session where there is going to be some excitement — a real fight.'

This is how most people express their desire to follow our parliamentary debates. They go to the Palais Bourbon as they would to an arena — when a very snappy sporting-event is promised.

The President and the quæstors are the principal distributors of tickets. When an important debate is scheduled, they are bombarded with requests for admission. Ministers, deputies, and journalists are eager to get seats for their relatives, their constituents, and their friends; and besides, there is that innumerable host which calls itself 'all Paris,' whose principal occupation is attending public meetings, art exhibitions, and other free ceremonies. Moreover, the Chamber is a place where one likes to be seen on important days.

But the number of seats is very limited. The President and the quæstors soon exhaust their supply of tickets. Then the only appeal is to a man whose power is greater than that of even the highest official, the *Chef du service intérieur*. He commands an army of doorkeepers wearing chains of office, and inconspicuously uniformed pages; and the modest silver braid upon his collar is his only badge of authority. But M. Bouchonnet, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, is no ordinary official. He is the court of last appeal for those who seek admission to the Chamber. No other dispenser of favors in Paris receives so many humble solicitations from the mighty in the land and their wives.

'Where's M. Bouchonnet?' Before every important session all the world is hunting for this alert, white-moustached, bright-eyed gentleman, whose smile confesses his importance. He never reaches the Chamber until the last minute, thus dodging many insistent petitioners. But someone always ferrets him out at his post of command behind a door in a corner, whence he keeps a sharp eye on the arriving crowd. Deputies appeal to him; ministers implore him; pretty women lavish sweet smiles upon him. But M. Bouchonnet keeps his head. He knows who's who, and grants his favors with discernment. Seldom does he commit

'They are bombarded with requests for admission'

an error. He shows more diplomacy in one hour than many diplomats do in an entire career.

Finally the happy ticket-holders are in their seats — ladies in the front row,

[1] From *Le Progrès Civique* (Paris Radical weekly), *May* 23 30

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and men in the back row, or often forced to stand. The visitor's first impression is of bewilderment, of a chaos of noise and confusion accompanying the opening of a session. Everybody asks questions: Who are the gentlemen beside the President, a few steps farther down? The secretaries. And at the foot of the tribune? The stenographers. And in front of the tribune? The editorial secretaries, who summarize the debates for what they call the *analytique*. Where are the ministers? On the first two benches in the centre in front of the President, and on the two benches in the second row. Where is Léon Blum? And Paul Boncour? And Professor Pinard? And General de Saint-Just? And Maginot? New visitors invariably overlook the fact that the Parties are situated with reference to the President's right and left and not their own, and therefore get the groups reversed. Another source of confusion is that the Centre is not equidistant between the two extremes, but much closer to the Right than to the Left.

A speaker is on the tribune. He can

'He shouts a pungent remark'

scarcely be heard. The rumble of conversation drowns his voice. Some of the deputies are reading newspapers, others are writing to their constituents.

A second speaker, who has the ear of the Chamber, follows. They listen to him. Suddenly someone rises in the Centre and interrupts. He shouts a pungent remark, emphasizing it with violent gestures. The deputies in his immediate vicinity greet it with a salvo of applause. Clamor arises on the extreme Left. The President rings his bell. The speaker replies to his interrupter. A sergeant-at-arms shouts, 'Silence, gentlemen, please!' Whereupon the noise redoubles.

It is an incident. The public has had its wish. But who is the interrupter? What did he say? Why did he say it? What did the speaker answer? Unless some old stager happens to be in the gallery to inform them, the visitors have not the faintest idea what it is all about. The Government does not sell programmes of the coming performance at the Palais Bourbon. So if they are really interested enough, they wait until the next morning to find out what happened. Then they can read all about it in the newspapers.

It is the special function of the gentlemen of the press to interpret the Chamber to the public. They do not confine themselves to a routine report of the proceedings, but, like dramatic critics, analyze, judge, approve, and disapprove the piece presented and the actors on the stage. In fact, they make the actors' reputations. But they do even more than this. They re-create for their readers an atmosphere of battle and debate. They explain what occurs behind the scenes, the purpose of the manœuvring of individuals and groups, the general political significance of each session. They clarify what is obscure to the actual listener, and show its relation to the financial, the foreign, or the legislative policy of the Cabinet.

This difficult and exacting task is performed under the most unfavorable physical conditions. The pressmen are perched aloft in an uncomfortable gallery. When anything important is on

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the programme they are packed together like herring. Every seat is occupied, mostly by pseudo-journalists who normally never exercise that calling — civil servants out of a job, 'angels' of obscure political sheets, writers of financial bulletins, bankers, dilettantes who come to amuse themselves, and lobbyists who supply confidential reports to their employers. This crowd of idlers often keeps the regular pressmen from doing their work as it should be done.

But in spite of a suffocating atmosphere, overcrowded quarters, and other inconveniences, the reporters manage to get through their tasks. They are on duty from the opening of a session until its adjournment — sometimes in the early hours of the following morning. Oftentimes they cannot be absent an instant; — even for meals; — since that would surely be the very moment when something happened that would give their rivals a scoop.

'How I'd like to be a deputy!' a reporter sighed in my hearing not long ago. 'It is the only way I know of to skip sessions.'

Representatives of evening and provincial newspapers write their reports on the spot as the session proceeds; as soon as a sheet of paper is filled it is rushed off and telephoned by a messenger. But the representatives of the big morning dailies merely make notes of the debates, and write their reports later. The beneficent authorities of the Chamber have allotted them a room for this purpose. It is a sort of dark attic, without light or ventilation, reached by a butler's back stairs.

These conditions explain why the press gallery sometimes shows its irritation by vehement protests when sessions are too long, thus violating the rule prohibiting spectators from any expression of feeling in the Chamber. But the presiding officers are indulgent on such occasions. Only one journalist, a Royalist who exceeded all bounds of propriety, has ever been punished for this offense, and that was during the war.

The Conservatives of the Bloc National dislike the press. They disapprove its liberty, and are as hostile now that they are in the Opposition as they were when they were in power. One little Breton Clerical deputy is especially vindictive. But when they get out in the lobbies these gentlemen change their tune completely. They fairly beg the journalists on bended knee to mention them in their reports, to quote their remarks. They even want to have their interruptions mentioned. One deputy even distributes typewritten copies of his speeches before he delivers them. I think they must have been run off on the mimeograph, for it is always the same speech.

So the reporters have a dreaded weapon in their hands if they wish to punish a deputy. The little Breton Clerical learned that during the last session. His name never got into print a single time, although he fairly licked the boots of the pressmen to recover their good graces. Anything better than being buried alive! 'Revile me as much as you like,' a Communist deputy and lawyer said to a bourgeois journalist, 'but talk about me.' 'You never mention me,' a Nationalist deputy, a former naval officer and a member of the Paris Municipal Council, protested the other day.

So our knights of the pen dispense notoriety or glory, and have helped more than one politician to fame and high position. They often give valuable advice to young members: 'Speak rarely, briefly, and to the point, and choose a good hour — that is, never before 4 P.M. or after 6 P.M.' It would be a most salutary reform if everyone followed this advice, but unhappily the

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deputies disregard it. Another deadly weapon in the hands of the journalists is ridicule, which kills men sooner than anything else.

Visitors are never admitted except to public sessions. They see only a performance that has previously been rehearsed behind the scenes. Parliament's real work is done in the committee rooms and lobbies, through which France's political lifeblood really circulates.

The lobbies? The term seems definite enough, but in its parliamentary acceptation it is a word of mysterious portent. It designates both a place and the people there; both the part of the Palais Bourbon where laws originate and the preparation of the laws themselves.

But the expression is by no means accurate. The lobbies are not lobbies. Inadequate as are their accommodations, the deputies are not forced to rendezvous in cloakrooms and corridors. They have at their disposal large, airy, well-lighted rooms furnished with easy chairs and lounges, and containing some respectable works of art. No indeed. Behind the scenes at the Palais Bourbon is, notwithstanding the joke-makers, far pleasanter than behind the scenes at a theatre. For not only is there air and light, but the public is not admitted.

On rare occasions a specially favored citizen is allowed to penetrate, under the wing of a friendly deputy, the first antechamber, which is called *La Rotonde*. It is a great privilege to stand there when the speaker enters with beating drums between two ranks of soldiers presenting arms. The ceremony never varies, but it never loses interest. Old stagers compare the manner of the different speakers they have known. M. Deschanel always seemed in a hurry and saluted the two officers who presented their swords to him as actors do at the Comédie Française; M. Raoul Péret was studiedly formal; M. Painlevé was simple and natural, and replied merely with a slight bow to the regulation salute; M. Herriot, the present speaker, strides in with his usual calm and powerful manner, very much at his ease.

'Strides in with his usual calm manner'

The speaker crosses the 'Hall of the Lost Steps' to reach his chair. His secretaries follow him, headed by venerable M. Pierre, who defies both old age and cabinet overturns. It was twenty years ago when they first suggested retiring him! The adjutant of the military guard of the Palais Bourbon closes the procession. This is his principal duty. Woe to the bold person who tries to slip in behind him!

Admission to the second antechamber, the Hall of the Lost Steps, *La Salle des Pas Perdus*, is permitted only to those who can show a *patte-blanche*, — that is, the card of an accredited newspaper-editor, a bureau chief or Cabinet attaché in actual service, or some official whose duties require him to be present. But in spite of the uniformed guard who stands at the door, a crowd of people manage to penetrate this holy place. You see there provincial prefects seeking promotion, subprefects anxious to be appointed prefects, ex-bureau chiefs looking for a job, sharp-eyed gentlemen reticent about their own business but talkative about everyone else's, men who know everybody and whom nobody knows, a few business

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men, visitors from the colonies, amateur experts in various fields of legislation, and a few journalists without journals.

Everyone is on hand when a political crisis or a great debate is in the air, but on ordinary occasions La Salle des Pas Perdus is frequented only by deputies and by real pressmen. The reporters are there to buttonhole members in quest of information and interviews. The members are communicative or not according to their humor and the particular political game they have in hand.

But in great hours of crisis, what a seething and boiling! Cynics might say, what a sputtering and frying! Little circles form between the Laocöon and the Aria et Petus that adorn either end of the long hall. Here an orator perorates and settles with a wave of a hand all the difficulties. There a doctrinaire, would-be statesman points out just what the duty of the head of the Government is. Beyond him an obscure deputy defines the tactics of the Opposition: 'I ascend the tribune. I say so-and-so! Pan! Pan! A ten-minute speech! The Cabinet falls!' It is very much like the talk you hear down at the Café du Commerce, with a more striking dearth of ideas and principles.

Nevertheless, occasions do arise when Homeric duels resound and echo here, when one can listen to lively debates between able adversaries who are equally sincere and passionate. Such tempests never break except when the atmosphere is surcharged with electricity — to a degree that rarely happens. For in this public place good form requires a man to defend his opinions without excessive warmth. Above all, the journalists are apt to be calm and matter-of-fact; some because they have grown callous from long familiarity with Parliament or are naturally a cynical breed, and others because their jobs force them to suppress their party sympathies, or at least to keep them under control.

It is not until one has passed through this Hall of Lost Steps and under the draped portals of the rooms beyond that he reaches the real lobbies. Ordinarily these are reserved for members of the Chamber. As a great favor a few journalists are permitted as far as the first room, called the Hall of the Four Columns, where they ambuscade members of the Cabinet and influential statesmen. On important occasions they are not admitted even here. For instance, they were excluded the other day when M. Caillaux came back as Minister of Finance. The quæstors, who are charged with maintaining order, probably feared there might be a demonstration — or something worse.

The members are fond of keeping to themselves, as one can easily understand, even though their secrets in any case soon get out. It is in these lobbies that friendships are formed whose most certain sign is addressing each other by *tu;* and that friendships are also terminated, since nothing lasts forever in this world, even in Parliament. In the window seats and retired nooks of these rooms grand manœuvres are planned, combinations are formed, and the threads of many an intrigue are spun. The lobbies are where both legitimate ambition and its less laudable counterpart, *arrivisme,* find free play.

The public attaches great importance to the lobby buffet. What an error! The bar is but moderately patronized. Everybody drops in, but seldom stays long. The usual Vichy split with a sandwich are such mollifying indulgences that even the bitterest enemies cease to quarrel on this neutral ground. It is not a place to be overlooked, but it has no influence upon parliamentary history. Its reputation is far greater than its deserts. The smoking-room,

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which is less known, is far more important. That is where the pipe-smokers gather. As nearly all of them are members of the Left or of the extreme Left, their conversation is apt to be forceful and interesting. Men of this type have plenty of ideas and ready tongues.

But the really important things are done in party caucus or in committee. The caucuses designate under the proportional rule the members of the committees. In order to get ahead in the Chamber, therefore, one must make friends in his Party, which is not always an easy task, for a prophet is least honored in his own country. Every deputy is enrolled in a 'group' or caucus list. Parliament has even invented a group for those who are not able to settle on any Party, containing 'the deputies who belong to no group,' and it now consists of twenty-eight members. It is a decidedly mixed company, where a little faction of three freak Communists, not large enough to be recognized as a separate Party, sits shoulder to shoulder with a still smaller number of indomitable Royalists. This non-partisan caucus meets only once a year to choose its members for the committees.

These committee assignments are a great affair, not only for these particular gentlemen;—*les sauvages*;—but also for regular Party men. Such assignments are of the utmost importance. One must have made an exceedingly good impression upon his Party associates, both by services in the Chamber and by his popularity and influence outside that body, to receive much consideration from them. Candidates for appointment present themselves to their caucuses like men pleading to a jury. Each one describes his career and recites his distinguished services. It is an excellent precaution, however, to make yourself solid with your Party bosses before this little ceremony.

The committees are where pressure is brought to bear upon the Cabinet and all serious legislation is prepared. In these bodies a member shows what is in him. A keen mind, broad knowledge, and industry are what count in these small working bodies. Brilliant oratory and other forensic gifts are not enough.

No member of the Chamber can expect to cut a figure in the political world, or to play an important rôle behind the scenes in government, unless he is a member of an important committee. One can readily understand, therefore, why competition for places on those bodies is so keen.

The committees form a hierarchy. At the top stands the Committee on Finance. Its chairman, its secretaries, and its other officers have the best chance of Cabinet positions. It has its own staff, consisting of several permanent functionaries, and is an indispensable wheel in the parliamentary machine.

Next in importance is the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which consists of a sort of aristocracy. Ex-premiers, ex-chiefs of the Foreign Office, party whips, diplomatic experts, and historians are usually prominent among its members.

A place upon this Committee is a certificate of ability for a member. It shows that he has made good.

No other assignment is more popular with the rank and file of the deputies than to the Committee on Agriculture. There are many farmers in the Chamber. Every one of them is eager to distinguish himself with the people at home. Agriculture may lack labor, but it still has plenty of vigorous defenders.

Competition for places on other committees is not so keen. Those upon civil legislation, customs duties, and colonies are filled by specialists — industrious gentlemen who love arid

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questions, or who are for other personal reasons interested in such subjects. Prime ministers seldom go to these bodies for their chief collaborators — and seldom even for their under-secretaries.

While the public is pretty well informed of what goes on in the principal committees, especially when a Cabinet crisis is in the air, it knows almost nothing of what occurs in their obscurer counterparts, whose deliberations are important but are not political — far less sensational.

Upon the whole, the lobbies are by no means as mysterious as popularly supposed. A great deal of hard, honest work goes on in them. The Chamber's library, despite the cynics, is better patronized than the bar. To be sure, passionate encounters sometimes take place in the lobbies, and the most powerful of all passions, ambition, often inspires the actors — and the supers — on this stage. The deputies are not all heroes. They are very human. But for the most part they are actuated by sincere devotion to the welfare of the country. They are conscious of the responsibility that rests upon them. They do not merit the cynical gibes to which they are so often exposed.

THE STRUGGLE IN MANCHURIA[1]

BY PHILIP KERBY

DURING the past six months the activity of both Russia and Japan in Manchuria to gain economic and military supremacy has been increased a hundredfold. No effort has been spared on the part of either nation to forge ahead the outposts of their separate civilizations, and it would seem that in the very near future a crisis must occur which will have an effect upon the whole of Northern Asia.

After making an extensive trip lasting more than two months and taking in nearly all of both Southern and Northern Manchuria, I firmly believe that the stage is set for one of the greatest economic battles of modern history. Whether or not it will assume proportions of open conflict, time alone can tell. Both the Soviet and Japan are making preparations for development in Manchuria on a much greater scale than ever before attempted; but both are reckoning without their host, namely, China.

The Soviet has sworn 'blood allegiance' to China and is doing everything in her power to further the abrogation of the so-called 'unequal treaties' — if we are to believe the statements of Comrade Karakhan, first Soviet Ambassador to China in Peking. While the Soviet is metaphorically patting China on the back with one hand, she is calmly pursuing an imperialistic policy of land-grabbing and concession-hunting with the other which would have put the Tsarists to shame. The Soviet encroachments in Manchuria during the past half-year are greater than at any time since the period immediately preceding the Russo-Japanese War.

[1] From the *Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American daily), *May* 19

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Japan, on the other hand, has large vested interests in Manchuria which must be protected at all costs. The South Manchuria Railway running from Changchun to Dairen and from Mukden to Antung, not to mention countless feeder-lines, represents an investment of more than half a billion gold yen. Then there are many other interests, such as the Fushun collieries, the Anzan iron mines, smelters, and coke ovens, and the new docks and godowns at Dairen, which are exceptionally valuable properties and total many millions more.

The Soviet's interest is represented mainly by the Chinese Eastern Railway, and the wide strip of land on either side of the railway, known as the Railway Zone, which contains rich timber and mineral concessions including gold and copper mines. Although the Chinese Eastern Railway, according to the latest Sino-Russian treaty, is supposed to be operated under the joint ownership of both Governments, the rôle that China plays is small, despite the fact that Mr. Pao Kuei-ching, a Chinese, is chairman of the board of directors. The general manager is Mr. A. N. Ivanoff, a Russian Red appointed by the Moscow Soviet.

It is he who directs the policy of the line, grants concessions, buys new equipment, authorizes the construction of feeder-lines, and, in case of a deficit, can draw annually 10,000,000 gold rubles from the Russian State Bank, giving only his personal note as security.

The present rivalry between the two countries centres around the railways. Nature has been especially kind in the sense that the railways all run downhill to the sea, and that produce may be transported at much lower rates than elsewhere in the world. The greatest commodity of Manchuria is the soya bean, the oil of which first came into prominence during the World War as a substitute for many valuable vegetable and mineral oils which it was impossible to secure.

Last year Manchuria raised the largest crop of beans in her history, and during the rush of the shipping-season as many as 350 cars a day were dispatched from a single shipping-station on the Chinese Eastern Railway. Some of these cars were dispatched to Changchun, the southern terminus of the line. Others were switched at Harbin to its eastern section and thence to the Usuri Railway at Suienfo and into Vladivostok. Those sent to Changchun were transferred to the South Manchuria Railway and shipped to Dairen.

Here came the rub. Both the South Manchuria and Usuri Railways were competing for the privilege of shipping the beans, and were cutting rates to such an extent by giving rebates to shippers that, as the shipping-season neared its close, the two railways were very nearly paying the shipper for the privilege of transporting his beans. A railway conference was held at Harbin between the officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway and those of the South Manchuria and a great effort was made to stabilize the freight rates, but without much success. Further conferences are scheduled to take place next month with a view to discovering a solution.

From a shipper's standpoint it was much more preferable to ship to Dairen, since the moment the beans were stored in one of the big concrete fireproof godowns of the South Manchuria Railway the shipper could send his godown receipts to one of the foreign banks in Dairen and get his money less a small percentage for handling-charges.

In Vladivostok, however, there are

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no foreign banks and the shipper was forced to await delivery of his cargo before getting his money, meantime losing the interest on his investment in transit. Consequently the Usuri Railway did its best to compensate for this loss by a system of rebates which undercut those of South Manchuria.

The Japanese railway retaliated by giving preferential rates to shippers at considerable distance from the railhead at Changchun and other shipping-points on the South Manchuria Railway, and sponsored indirectly a system of cartage overland. From November to March the ground is solidly frozen, and native caravans numbering one hundred or more carts make the trips from the distant bean-collecting stations at a fairly rapid rate. This cartage cut considerably into the revenues of the Chinese Eastern Railway, even as far north as Harbin.

The South Manchuria Railway company is very anxious to find a modus vivendi whereby the shipments from the Chinese Eastern Railway can be made profitable; otherwise the twenty million invested in the port and storage facilities of Dairen will have to be charged up to bitter experience. If the next conference adjourns without any tangible result, it is quite probable that the Japanese will make a valiant effort to extend the present railway from Taonanfu to Tsitsihar, through the richest agricultural area and parallel to the southern portion of the Chinese Eastern Railway. This proposed line would give the Japanese a very great advantage, since the cargoes would not have to be transferred at Changchun, which is necessary at the present time as the gauges of the two lines are different, but would be shipped without further handling until they reached the seaboard.

Furthermore, the Japanese railway has sought to improve both the quality and production of soya beans in Manchuria, thereby assisting the bean-growers to realize greater profits. A research laboratory employing some two score chemists and twice as many assistants has been established in Dairen with a view to determining better methods of extracting the oil from the bean, as well as discovering new uses for the same. The reports of this laboratory are translated into English, French, and German, and are sent broadcast to both Europe and American in an effort to assist the ultimate consumers. The director of the laboratory is in receipt daily of inquiries coming from all over the world from manufacturers asking how soya-bean oil may be employed to advantage in the production of their specialities. This service is absolutely gratis, and during the few years that the laboratory has been in operation has more than justified its existence.

One experiment farm and permanent exhibition is maintained at Kuchuling, at the northern extremity of the main line, and another near Dairen. These agricultural stations are supported entirely by the railway, and in addition to giving information with regard to the 138 different kinds of soya beans, the proper soils, and dates for planting and harvesting, deal extensively with other crops, including various kinds of cereals, such as wheat, rye, oats, barley, as well as hemp and sisal. Agricultural conferences are held in both the spring and fall, and are attended by farmers within a radius of a hundred miles of each. At first the Chinese farmers from Chihli and Shantung, who form the bulk of the settlers in Southern and Central Manchuria, were suspicious of the altruistic motives of the Japanese chemists, but when they discovered that, by following their advice as to fertilization, planting, and harvesting, their crops were increased two, three,

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and four times, they were only too ready to follow out any suggestions offered.

I asked Dr. Uyeda, the secretary of the South Manchuria Railway Company in Dairen, what the motive was behind the expenditure for maintaining these experimental farms and laboratory, and he told me that the railway had no other 'motive' than to increase the output of Manchurian products, which in turn gave greater revenues to the railway. It is a far-sighted policy, and proves conclusively that Japan is looking well into the future.

Whether or not this same policy exists with regard to the Chinese Eastern Railway is a matter of conjecture. Mr. A. N. Ivanoff, since his appointment as general manager of the Chinese Eastern Railway by the Moscow Soviet on October 3, has maintained a stoic silence regarding railway 'policies' past or future in all his public announcements. He reminded me, however, that the Chinese Eastern Railway had been financed by Russian capital, had been built by Russian engineers, and was the 'keystone' in the Trans-Siberian 'wall' of railways.

'It will be my firm intention to preserve at all times the Russian interests in the railway. The railway is the result of Russian initiative and brains, and Russia should reap the reward,' Mr. Ivanoff said. I asked him whether there was any real intention on the part of the Government of turning the railway back to China in 1937 as stipulated by the protocol of organization.

'If China is ready to assume the responsibility and do her share as provided in articles of organization, the railway will be turned over without question. Many things may happen before 1937,' he added enigmatically. He declined to state what 'things' he had reference to.

Mr. Ivanoff is pursuing a policy of extreme economy in the management of the line. When he assumed office the railway was in debt more than 12,000,000 gold rubles, which he claimed had been carried over from the previous management. That debt has now been wiped off completely, and a surplus of 1,500,000 gold rubles is shown on the books of the company. Mr. Ivanoff told me that he was confident that this surplus would be increased by some 1,200,000 gold rubles before the end of the fiscal year. I inquired if a portion of this surplus would be set aside as sinking-fund to pay off the interest on the notes held by the Russo-Asiatic Bank and other private investors. He replied in the negative, stating that it would be used for the construction of new feeder-lines and for the development of timber and mineral concessions held by the railway.

'Nothing can be done with regard to the settlement of the railway debts until the Sino-Russian conference meets. The railway is a joint-government enterprise, and decisions affecting the future policy of the line, payments of debts, expansions, and the like, will have to be settled by the delegates of both nations.'

As a result of the economy programme instituted by Mr. Ivanoff, the railway is paying its debts in a prompt manner. In many instances, under the previous administration, certificates payable in three months' time were given in lieu of cash. These were discounted by the banks at rather high rates of interest because frequently the railway postponed the payment of these 'bonds' for three and even six months after their due dates.

The present system of cash payments has created a new air of confidence and optimism in Harbin, and

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many foreign firms are eagerly seeking railway business since the credit of the line has been placed on such a firm footing.

China's position in this programme of railway expansion is extremely interesting. Will she permit herself to be ousted by either Japan or Russia? The Chinese interests in Manchuria are, of course, the greatest, since there are more than 11,000,000 Chinese inhabitants as compared with less than 200,000 Russians and 150,000 Japanese. The powers signatory to the Protocol of 1901 have pledged themselves to protect China's interests. But Japan is a Protocol Power and so is Soviet Russia, which, according to Mr. Karakhan, in a note to the Diplomatic Corps, has never renounced her claims to be considered as such. The attitude that both Japan and Russia have taken in Manchuria is creating intense interest among the diplomats in Peking, and many and lengthy are the dispatches which have been sent to the respective home Governments regarding the present policies of these two nations.

The three Eastern provinces comprising Manchuria have a strong Government. During Marshal Chang Tso-lin's administration the provinces have prospered in a greater proportion than any similar area in China. The small farmer has been protected from bandit raids and 'squeezing' officials. Many towns have tripled and quadrupled in size, have many modern improvements such as central water-supply systems and electric-lighting plants run by American turbogenerators, and pay no higher taxes than elsewhere in China.

China will be perfectly justified in calling upon the Powers for assistance the moment that any overt act in seizure of territory is committed by either Russia or Japan. The Consular Corps at Harbin has been actively watching the operations of the Chinese Eastern Railway Land Department in granting concessions promiscuously.

The Soviet, on the other hand, is maintaining unusually large garrisons of veteran troops at Vladivostok, Habarovsk, and Chita, ostensibly for the purposes of protecting her borders. It would be useless to say that the Soviet fears an invasion from the Chinese, since those inhabitants in Northern Manchuria are far more interested in raising their crops of beans and cereals than in making border raids.

The Japanese maintain slightly more than one division and one mixed brigade of troops along the zone through which the South Manchuria Railway passes. For the most part the troops are composed of young soldiers who have been sent from Japan to complete their military service in the hope that when they finish they may return to Manchuria as colonists.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin's troops number some four or five divisions under arms, but these are not concentrated in any one place but are spread out in small units and are utilized mainly as a police force to protect the farmers from the raids of Mongolian hunghutzŭs.

China's position in this programme of railway expansion is extremely interesting. Even since the fighting between Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin in 1922 the Peking-Mukden Railway has been divided at Shanhaikwan, where the Great Wall of China touches the sea. The section from Shanhaikwan to Peking has been under the control of the Central Government, while that portion outside the Wall, together with its various feeder-lines, has been controlled by Marshal Chang Tso-lin. The Feng-Sui line — as that portion

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of the railway outside the Wall is called — is by far the most important, since it produces the greatest revenue because it traverses a rich agricultural and mining country. This year its total net return is estimated at considerably more than $15,000,000 silver.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin at the present time is making every effort to be independent of the South Manchuria Railway. He plans to extend the Feng-Sui line from Mukden to Kirin, connecting the two provincial capitals, and at some later date to connect Kirin and Harbin by rail.

Bids for steel rails for the first section of this line from Mukden some 150 miles northeast were advertised during the latter half of March, and more than thirty foreign firms submitted tenders. The award of the contract has not yet been made, but is expected daily. The fact that so many foreign firms were interested in obtaining the contract speaks well for the credit of the Manchurian Government, because when bids were advertised for extension of intramural railways there were very few offers.

Thus far I have touched only upon the rivalry existing between Japan and Russia for the transportation of Manchurian products by rail. There are just as many problems existing with regard to the transportation by the water routes. The navigation of the Sungari and Amur Rivers, the rivalry between the ports of Newchwang and Dairen, the possible opening of Hulutao, — an ice-free port along the Feng-Sui line, — are very closely interrelated with the transportation by rail. The situation regarding the navigation of the Amur and Sungari remains as provided for in the Sino-Russian treaty of principles signed May 31, 1924, and the subsequent treaty made between Russia and Manchuria some six weeks later. It was a foregone conclusion that the prohibitions would be considerably modified when the Sino-Russian conference was called, which was anticipated in the near future. Eleven months have elapsed since the signing of this treaty, and the conference is still a thing of the remote future. Navigation on the northern rivers opens this month, and there is no relief in sight.

After the recognition of Soviet Russia by Japan I thought that economic rivalry between these two great Powers in Manchuria would cease. I voiced this thought to Mr. Ivanoff. He was quite vehement in his denial. 'Politically Japan and Russia are friends and diplomatic relations have been resumed, but economically the struggle for supremacy will continue more bitter than ever. As a patriotic Russian you may rest assured that I will leave no stone unturned to bring economic victory to our side.'

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A FRENCH COMMUNIST IN MOSCOW. I[1]

BY PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

I LEAVE the train in Moscow like a man returning from the country — and that country the Moscow of four years ago. I hardly recognize the place. Where I left a dying city, I find to-day a thriving capital. In four years the population has increased by almost a million. Moscow, the first city of Asia, the border town of Europe, gives me, the moment I set foot on the threshold of the railway station, the noisy welcome of an intensely alive and busy metropolis.

The square in front is filled with trolley cars, bright motor-buses, uniformed porters, gray-clad chauffeurs, and huge, blue-coated, green-capped hackmen — a bombardment of shouts from burly, bearded faces, rows of gesticulating men, a roar of klaxons and a clatter of horses' hoofbeats on the frozen pavements. In the background a street, with lettered banners and red flags hung across it.

On the sidewalk an immense throng moving between rows of booths — Russians, Mongols, Jews, Ukrainians, Finns, Tatars, Armenians; men, women, and children — the ethnography of a continent. Two processions of sleighs moving in opposite directions gilde over the snow between the footpaths. In the middle of the road, with a red banner in front, Boy Scouts from eight to fifteen years old march, filling the air with the blare of trumpets out of tune. The tramcars are crowded. Men cluster like grapes on their back platforms. The fare is eight kopecks a section, but workingmen receive free tickets. Except cripples and women carrying babies, who are allowed to use either door, passengers enter at the rear and leave at the front.

At each corner a policeman in a black uniform with shining boots and a lambskin cap regulates traffic with his red club. In the tramcars an overpowering tannery smell from the sheepskin coats that everyone is wearing. Workmen, workingwomen, Red soldiers, Government clerks carrying the inevitable portfolio — filled with documents and lunches; pretty stenographers in leather caps, old members of the bourgeoisie with pitiful remnants of their former luxury, such as a seedy astrakhan coat or velvet collar; everyone wearing some sort of badge — portraits of Lenin, aviation medals, and the like. We pass bobsleds and auto-trucks loaded with bread.

I left Moscow four years ago in indescribable shabbiness, the shops closed and the people listless and half-fed. Now everything is running at full blast; houses are repainted and repaired; signs stare at me from all directions proclaiming the Government's control of trade and industry: 'National Store,' 'National Syndicate,' 'National Trust,' 'National Bank.' Here are the State trusts, with their vast salesrooms. The silk department displays wonderfully colored shawls. I pass salesrooms of the rubber trust, the electric trust, and the wireless trust. Occasionally the entire façade of a building has been decorated in

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *May* 13, 15, 17, 19

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honor of some celebration with the most modern art-designs.

Here in the Red Square is the 'GUM,' or great national store, occupying the former Merchants' Arcade. I pass the offices of the Coöperatives. Some occupy veritable palaces, formerly great private shops. Then there are coöperative restaurants where one can get a bountiful meal for from forty to sixty kopecks, — twenty to thirty cents, — consisting of soup with a bit of meat or dumpling in it, a meat order, a vegetable order, a dessert, bread, and tea *ad libitum*. I note food coöperatives, a butcher shop, sausage shops, fish shops, groceries, dairies, fruit stalls, delicatessen stores, bakeries, cake shops, candy stores, and a wine dispensary. Everywhere an incredible profusion of things to eat — mountains of smoked fish, mountains of fruits, great barrels of cream. White bread costs more than in France, but people here mostly eat rye bread. You can buy a fine roasted chicken for the equivalent of sixty cents, and a dozen eggs for twenty cents. Butter and meat are cheaper than in France. Vegetables, except carrots, potatoes, beans, and cabbage, are dearer than with us.

But what distinguishes Russia from France is that prices are falling steadily. Within the past year, for instance, the price of strong woolen cloth has declined from 150 to 100 per cent, or from 27 rubles to 10 rubles a yard. Shoes have fallen from 24 to 12 rubles.

But is trading really free? In the country and in the peasant market one finds private merchants everywhere, because they insinuate themselves wherever the heavy machinery of government production and exchange has not yet penetrated. In so doing they give valuable assistance to the State. They actually do thirty-seven per cent of the total business of the country. But at Moscow they serve only the highest and the humblest classes of customers — the patrons of the most luxurious shops and the people who buy from carts and little booths.

Let me add a few notes on salaries and wages at Moscow. A solicitor of the Supreme Court — the Court of Cassation — receives 140 rubles, or $70, a month, and pays 11 rubles, or $5.50, for rent. An aviation machinist receives 180 rubles, or $90, a month. Mechanics in the tramway shops are paid from 100 to 125 rubles. Their food costs them 30 rubles, and their lodgings, with heat, five rubles. Government employees earn from 60 to 120 rubles, plus many extras in the way of special prices for rent and provisions. Operatives in the textile mills receive on an average 43 rubles plus certain extras. In actual purchasing power, taking into account the cost of living, wages are about twenty per cent higher than they were in 1914.

Among the bourgeoisie here, the stay-at-home emigré class, I hear much complaint about the corruption of morals. Are these gentlemen so exceptionally virtuous? Not at all. I have met them, these nepmen and speculators, and know their story by heart. They always begin by saying: 'You see, sir, we take no part in politics.' We know what that means all over the world, but here the words have special significance. They mean that the speaker detests the Communists, who interfere with his profits. But if he has forgotten nothing, he has learned a great deal — among other things, to keep his real opinions to himself. To-day the initiative in the class-war has changed sides, and it is terribly dangerous for a bourgeois to talk too much.

No longer is it fashionable to discuss Bolshevist atrocities. The present

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point of attack is private morals. Nothing is more amusing than to hear these people — preoccupied with their jewels, their hats, their gowns, their bonbons, their cognac, their manicures, their dancers, their gambling — moralizing and dilating upon virtue. On that theme the Russian bourgeoisie are inexhaustible. They are a perennial fount of scandals, some of which may be true but exceptional, others wholly invented, and still others not really scandals at all, but things that are easily explained.

'Yes, sir, all the little girls of the Komsomol (Communist League of Youth) are mothers at twelve years old.'

'X has three wives — one at the Kremlin, one in Moscow, one in Leningrad.'

'Y, it seems, is killing himself with vodka.'

'All family sentiment has been destroyed.'

Thus scandal follows scandal. It is evident that those who relate these things have stewed in their own juice for the last seven years — in their old-régime hypocrisy.

What do they seek to do? Bring the revolution into disrepute? They are not influential enough for that. Prove something? Nothing at all. What has actually happened?

Russia had four years of war, followed by a February revolution, and then an October revolution. A series of social earthquakes unprecedented in modern history ended in the proletariat welling up from the bottom of society and covering all Russia like a huge lava-flow. The old economic, political, and social landscape has been utterly obliterated. Everything in human nature that is susceptible of change has been challenged from A to Z. A new generation has grown up, forged in the fires of a new spirit.

Is that not enough to freeze with horror all the flabby bourgeoisie and all the stiff-laced old maids and religious bigots in the world? Out of these cataclysms and of the contagion spread by the nepmen themselves a new morality is arising. There is a long road to travel before it will be possible to create a new society on the exacting lines of the new idealism: a family based on love and not on property, a society based on solidarity and not on individualism, an economy based on labor and not on profit. New ethical standards are slowly taking shape, to be sure, but one cannot ask for a perfect organization of production as soon as the first volley of a revolution rattles in the air, or a complete code of proletarian morality before a Socialist system of production is established.

[The more responsible Russian Communists do not share their French comrade's optimism or indifference on this score. To quote from but one of several articles that have appeared this year in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the Communist official dailies: 'The unhappy conditions prevailing among our young people are a matter of common knowledge. They evidently believe that Communism means reversion to animalism between the sexes. Whoever reprehends such theories is branded as a "civic hypocrite" and accused of bourgeois prudishness. Every boy in the League of Communist Youth or in the Workmen's Educational Courses, every beardless stripling, is not only permitted but encouraged to live a life of license. Clean living is stigmatized as bourgeois. Any girl member of the League of Communist Youth, or any girl student in the Workmen's Educational Courses, who happens to attract the attention of one of these boys and rejects his advances is condemned as bourgeois and unworthy of membership in the League.' — EDITOR]

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It is true that revolution has destroyed much in the domain of morals, as it has in other things; and it has thereby done well. Above all it has emancipated morals from hypocrisy. When men's rags of prejudice were stripped from them, they suddenly found that they were naked. The revolution taught them not to be ashamed. They have surrendered themselves to the joy of living as they have to the fever of labor, with the overflowing passion of survivors and victors. Woman is no longer man's property, but his social equal. The movement for the emancipation of woman, which began many years ago among the Russian intellectuals, has become a reality under the dictatorship of the proletariat. Liberty of marriage is absolute. The formalities attached to marriage and divorce have been reduced to a minimum. In marriage each retains his or her nationality, chooses his or her name, and retains, if so desired, his or her separate residence. But the housing shortage as a rule prevents married couples from living apart.

Under Soviet law the primary purpose of the family code is to protect the child. Working women are assured two months' vacation with full pay before childbirth. The absolute equality of children born within and without wedlock is guaranteed. Girls are freed from the control of their parents at the age of sixteen and boys at the age of eighteen. Adoption is prohibited, as all children are the wards of the State. I have seen the working people of Russia, I have lived close to them, I have visited their homes. The revolution is healthy. An overwhelming majority of the proletariat lives an orderly family life. The Communist Party insists upon strict morality among its own members, and strives incessantly to eliminate its immoral elements. . . . In the parks and on the boulevards one sees crowds of children everywhere, coasting down the hills, skating, — often on a single skate, — disporting themselves like happy, normal little folks. Hundreds of mothers are out every pleasant day pulling sleds in which one sees fat, rosy faces sleeping under the blankets; others carry tiny infants in their arms for their first breath of outdoor air. Children a trifle older, and muffled until they look like little bundles of wool, are taking their first toddling steps in the white snow. There have never been as many children in Moscow as to-day.

A canaille and prudish bourgeois affects to see something scandalous in all this. Let these critics go to France and contrast Russian conditions with those of our childless middle-class families, where greed for property has completely deadened the natural parental desire for offspring. No one need worry over the morality of a revolution where healthy and welcome babies so abound.

Election day. Thousands of workers, both men and women, fill Soviet Square. They cluster in dense masses around the monument of the October Revolution, and from that point clear to the Greek Portico, behind which lies New Square, filled with playing children. The first ranks stand close to the walls of the huge reddish-yellow Soviet Building, on which is painted in tall, bright letters the name of Lenin. Delegations from the factories, with musicians at their head and a cloud of banners waving above them, pack the neighboring streets. The bourgeoisie, who cannot vote, make detours. A priest spits in disgust when he passes in front of a booth where copies of the Atheist paper, *Bezbozhnik*, are on sale. A soldier deputy speaks from the balcony of a building decorated with

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flags and bunting. His listeners applaud. I hear loud hurrahs. An entire battalion shouts in rhythm: 'Long-live-the-Mos-cow-Sov-iet.'

Seen from above, with their caps and their red kerchiefs, the crowd looks like a rippling field of grain dotted with thousands of scarlet poppies.

Between Kropotkin Avenue and the Tverskaia, tramcars are halted for a long time at the Arbat. That is where they check up the admissions. Beggars canvass the cars. Two or three of them are familiar figures: one a gray-bearded old chap with his legs cut off at the knees, who lifts himself into the cars by his arms and swings down the aisles on his knuckles, breathing heavily. A blind man drones a sort of liturgy; a ten-year-old boy sings a satirical song, accompanying himself with castanets made of two wooden spoons. The passengers laugh.

In the street I see cripples seated on the snow, their caps by their side, and groaning piteously. So there are beggars in Moscow? Certainly. Every beggar in Russia tries to get to Moscow. It is his El Dorado. Moreover, there is a whole guild of professional beggars whose members manage to evade the efforts of the Government to put them into institutions, and a host of children who have escaped from the public homes to beg on the streets. But I noticed that there were not nearly so many on Sunday as on week days. They take their day of rest like the others.

THE WAITS

BY RACHAEL ANNAND TAYLOR

[*The End of Fiammetta*]

THEY stand beneath your window sill:
They smite their untuned lutes athwart —
The Seven Passions of my Will,
The Seven Sorrows of my Heart.
Brother in beauty and in sin,
Hearken, the plaintive notes begin.
Their eyes are hollowed with their tears:
In mournful purple are they clad,
Their lips are bitten with the year's
Unkind requitals. Oh! they had
Strange suffering. For God's dear sake,
Arise, and our atonement make.
They sing beneath your window sill,
And music takes their wistful part —
The Seven Pities of my Will,
The Seven Surrenders of my Heart,
Because of Love's Nativitie
Be more compassionate for me.

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ETON EIGHTY YEARS AGO[1]

BY OSCAR BROWNING

[THIS was the last article written by the author, who was one of the best-known and most beloved English teachers of his generation, and was composed the month before he died.]

I AM asked to write an account of my Eton schoolboy days, some seventy years ago. I was not an ordinary Eton Boy, — that is, an oppidan living in a master's or dame's house, — but a colleger on the foundation living in the college buildings, and wearing a thick cloth gown which was very uncomfortable; and I hope that it has now been altered. It had a large pocket in the skirt, useful for carrying bottles of Bass to your master so that they could not be seen. There were seventy of us, just as there were seventy members, fellows, and scholars at King's College, Cambridge, which was a joint foundation with ourselves. The founder was King Henry VI, who also founded a college at Caen in Normandy, which I believe has now become a University. He spent the greater part of his unfortunate life in making plans for us which were only partly carried out. For these he deserves the greatest credit, as it is impossible to exaggerate what Eton and King's together have done for England and the Empire, and what they may do in the future.

We were supposed to be boarded and lodged gratuitously, but for many years the food was so poor and the conditions of life in college so brutal that parents would not send their sons, and the college was not full. Before I entered, owing to the enlightened rule of Edward Craven Hawtrey, a very great headmaster, who has had no sacred bard to sing his praises, things had improved. New buildings had been erected in Weston's Yard to give the accommodation which parents used once to provide at their own expense in the town, and Abraham, an unforgotten name, took up his abode in college to look after the barbarians, who, like the Maoris whom he protected afterward as Bishop in New Zealand, had no manners and whose customs were disgusting. So we had a master in college, and the places were so sought after that boys were admitted by examination, which was not easy to pass.

We slept in 'Long Chamber,' much shorter than the Long Chamber of infamous memory in which my elder brothers had slept fifteen years before. But things were still very bad. The moral and social condition of our community is impossible to describe. I will only say that when I became a housemaster at Eton some years afterward my desire was that every pupil of mine should have an experience as different as possible from what my own had been in the same school.

I shall commit no indiscretion by describing what arrangements were made for our washing and feeding. The middle section of our 'bureau' — an article of furniture with which every Etonian, in college and outside, was provided — held in the lower of the four drawers on the right-hand side, called the 'tosh-drawer,' a piece of

[1] From the *Empire Review* (London public-affairs monthly), *June*

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soap, a small sponge, a toothbrush, and a piece of flannel. It was never cleaned out. At 7 A.M. a boy, naked except for a pair of trousers, went with his 'tosh-drawer' to the washing-room upstairs, where he found a wooden trough set with enameled iron basins. At each end was a tap with cold water, and our towels hung round the room on a wooden rail. There were two windows in the tower with the panes broken, so that the cold was often severe. The first comers had drenched each other with the water taps, so that the towels were wet through. Under these circumstances delicate boys had to wash themselves, so that no washing was done and little drying. Their little hands were begrimed with dirt and were scored with bleeding cracks. No wonder that the oppidans kicked us for being 'dirty tugs,' when we were given no chance of being anything else. Collegers were always called 'tugs,' which was Sumerian for 'tugmutton,' mutton being our only food.

I now come to our food. We went into school fasting at 7.30, and came out hungry. Breakfast was not till nine, and we satisfied nature by drinking coffee and eating buttered buns at Brown's where we soon ran up a bill far larger than we could pay. For breakfast we were given half a good-sized loaf and a pat of butter, which we had no knowledge how or power to manipulate, and we generally left it to the profit of the servants. We were allowed a little milk, but no tea or coffee. Two ounces of tea a week were supplied by our parents, but they were often stolen by other boys. Fags had to see after their masters' breakfasts at nine and to be at their tutors' at half-past, so that if there had been anything to eat there would have been no time to eat it. With this inadequate preparation the day's work went on. Dinner was at two, and before that time the pangs of hunger drove us to Brown's, where we stayed our appetites with brandy snaps and lemonade, the worst preparation for a healthy meal.

Dinner consisted of mutton and small beer, generally called 'swipes.' A certain number of boys had to consume a whole sheep. The legs and shoulders went to the elders; we had to put up with the breasts which, having no meat, were plastered over with boiled chickweed called 'cabob.' There was even a shortage of plates; knives and forks were difficult to secure. There was a deficiency of tumblers, and the 'swipes' were often doctored with salt. The arrangements for tea and supper were not any better. My growth was stunted, and my body suffered from boils and blains, the scars of which I still retain. This miserable life was not a good foundation for a contented or a happy temper. There was scarcely any kindliness or friendship in our society, and, if love is the foundation of morality, there was none of it to be found.

The happiness which college denied me I found in my tutor's pupil-room. William Johnson was the ablest man I have ever known, who gave all his exceptional powers to the teaching of youth. He was a first-rate Greek and Latin scholar, and some of his poetry is still cherished as an integral part of English literature. His range of knowledge was very wide. Being a born statesman, he was specially attracted by history, notably on its political side. As an Eton master, he realized that his first duty was to train statesmen, the natural product of that noble school. Alas, devotion to athletics has now reduced it to the position of a rather inferior military academy. He inspired me with the idea to which I have been faithful ever since — to the rule that the first duty of an English teacher is to

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inform his pupils with a 'public mind' such as Burke said was possessed by the beloved son whom he prematurely lost. Johnson was absorbed by his pupils, perhaps too much; all the strength, the passion, the genius, which he possessed were immolated on their altar. Therefore, his personal influence cannot be exaggerated.

In those days there was little teaching done in school. The work of a master was to examine, not to instruct. When a boy was called up to construe, — which, owing to the size of the divisions was comparatively seldom, — the object of the master was to get the boy flogged if possible, that of the victim to escape by any means in his power, fair or unfair; and the master generally won. When my pupils brought their fathers' old books into school, as they sometimes did, their appearance was generally absolutely fresh, their covers unsoiled, their pages unthumbed.

Johnson pursued a different plan and taught a great deal. I was in his division a whole year. During that time I was entirely under his instruction, both in school and out, and to this bath of spiritual and intellectual impulse I owe everything that I am, or have been, in life. He lived in two small rooms, which were always accessible to his pupils, the riches of his mind lying open for them to plunder. There I learned my first French, my first mathematics, and was inspired with my first love of art. He was a subscriber to the Arundel Society, of which I afterward became a director. I learned from him to appreciate Keats, little known in those days, but well known to me; Matthew Arnold, who every day gains a higher place in English literature; and Meredith, whose merits are still beyond me. I must not forget Turner and Ruskin. Thus *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *The Pathetic Fallacy*, the *Liber Studiorum*, became known to me at an early age, as well as the genius of Masaccio.

In those days we boys knew Greek and Latin in a way in which I imagine that few know them now. My education was, happily, entirely classical. I began Latin at four years of age and Greek at eight. I was really familiar with these tongues. The first time that I saw my tutor he told me to write for school four Alcaic stanzas on Apollo out of my own head. I walked up the Slough Road, composed them in my head, wrote them down, and showed them up. A year later, when I was 'up to' Balston, the weekly subject for verses was Blondel finding Richard at the Castle of Dürrenstein, and he told us that those who liked might write them as Greek iambics, making them a speech of Blondel as a messenger. I had never written an iambic in my life, but I composed twenty lines, showed them up; they were found faultless and were 'sent up for good.'

We were always encouraged to work for ourselves, and our best work was done out of school and in the holidays. To encourage this habit, Johnson, in partnership with a colleague, Joynes, started an examination in books to be read without assistance. One of them was Plato's *Apology*, by which I was entranced. My chief competitor was my dear friend, Sir George Young, well known to all as a father of distinguished sons, and I beat him. The prize was a copy in four volumes of Mill's *Logic and Political Economy*, splendidly bound by Rivière, which I cherished for many years. Mill was the great philosopher of those days. I studied him, but never took to him, and for teaching my pupils economics preferred Adam Smith, who, I am told, is now more up to date.

In pupil-room I read with Johnson much Thucydides and Tacitus, from whom I learned many political lessons.

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When I read in him that no government could last which was founded on fraud, I thought of Napoleon III, who then dominated Europe. I might have thought of Bismarck, but he had not yet arrived. However, I always taught my pupils that Italy was much more stable than Germany, because Germany was founded on violence, and Italy on persuasion. It was hard work to translate Thucydides at sight, especially the speeches. Of course, we never learned our lessons; why learn a language which you knew? I therefore invented a plan. My tutor was very fond of discoursing, if you gave him a chance. I provided myself with a number of Atalanta apples which I threw down when occasion demanded. Some were good for two minutes, some for five, and some for longer. When I was straining with a speech, and found it hopeless, I threw down an apple, did not listen to my tutor, and worked hard at the rebellious sentence. Perhaps I had to throw another, but I was rewarded when at the end my tutor said, in a gruff voice, 'Does you credit.' When I left Eton after five years, he gave me a copy of Macaulay's *Essays*, bound in Russia, with an inscription 'From one of those who helped to make him a really well-educated man.' I was disappointed that he had given me a book that I knew already by heart, and, with youthful arrogance, rather despised.

In June 1854, when I was seventeen, the Prince Consort came to hear our speeches, and brought with him the young King of Portugal and his brother the Duke of Oporto. Their mother had died the year before, and their father was a Coburg, so that they were cousins of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were also present. It was thought right to greet the Prince Consort with a poetical address. It was put up to competition, and I won the prize. As the Crimean War was in progress, there was plenty to talk about. I began: —

Now that sweet peace has spread her silver wings,
And fled affrighted from the strife of kings;
While guiltless fields are red with guilty blood,
And corses rot where erst the harvest stood,
While clogged with dead the sluggish Danube
creeps,
And death-o'erladen tainted zephyr sweeps —
With heartfelt joy, her presence here we see,
And hail security and peace in thee.

Referring to the statesmen whose busts decorate the Upper School where the speech was delivered, I said of them: —

Who first beneath Eton's gentle sway
Learnt the Commander's lesson to obey.

If I had known that the King of Portugal was coming I should have said that he was the revived Sebastian come to regenerate his country, but the suggestion came too late to be of use. This distinction, gained by a boy of seventeen, gave me a reputation in the school, because in these days we had not that 'passionate hatred of intellect' which Warre afterward taught us, and we valued literary distinction. I received the rare honor of being elected to 'Pop,' the School debating society, which afterward became entirely athletic. The best speakers of my time were Charlie Wood (now Lord Halifax), Willie Gladstone, son of the Prime Minister, and Butler Johnstone, who was brilliantly eloquent. He afterward went into Parliament, but came to grief, and I do not know what became of him. The last thing I can remember is his asking me to lend him money. Willie Gladstone was extraordinarily eloquent, and could speak at any length on any subject, but on reflection there was not much in what he said.

Although I did little work in school, I was very fond of private reading, for which there was plenty of time. By

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a diary which I kept in these years, I find that in the year 1853 I had read by myself without assistance the *Prometheus* and *Eumenides* of Æschylus, the *Ajax*, *Œdipus Rex*, *Œdipus at Colonus*, and *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Medea*, *Phœnissæ*, *Ion*, and *Bacchæ* of Euripides, *The Acharnians*, *The Knights*, and *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, the *Apology* of Plato, the *Clio* of Herodotus, the *Catiline* of Sallust, and the speeches of Cicero against Catiline, the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, Books 13–16 of the *Annals of Tacitus*, and Books 7 and 8 of Thucydides, in which last I may have had my tutor's assistance. In English poetry, I had read all Coventry Patmore, *Lalla Rookh*, much Tennyson, *The Siege of Corinth*, and *The Corsair*. In prose, I had read Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, Thackeray's *English Humourists*, Macaulay's *History of England*, Stirling's *Charles V*, and Voltaire's *Charles XII*. I do not know how many Eton boys of sixteen could now offer a list like this, but this was my output, and many of my companions could have given a similar record.

My favorite authors were Byron and Gibbon. I knew Byron's letters, which I preferred to his poetry, nearly by heart, and I have always recommended them as the best model for English prose. Byron says that his master was Barrow, but of him I never read a line, although I was deeply impressed by his statue in the antechapel of Trinity College. In Gibbon I was much attracted by the diaries, which I found as stimulating to my industry and habits of work as Byron was to my imagination. I had read Gibbon's *History* all through before I left school, and as a master at Eton I never thought a pupil of mine properly educated until he had done the same. My favorite place of study was the school library in Weston's Yard, and I must quote a description of it from another book of my own: —

'You entered it from Weston's Yard. The thick, gently closing doors gave access to a vestibule, from which another pair of carved massive portals admitted you to your paradise. How well I remember that happy home of peace, a sanctuary for a studious youth; the stained-glass windows, bright with regal heraldry, the Dying Gladiator, the Apollo Belvedere, the fireplace crowned with the Eton arms, supported by angels. Everything spoke of the exquisite taste of the founder, and the student soon discovered how much the library owed to his munificence. Many an afternoon did I spend in that enchanted room when a modern boy would have been in the playing-fields or on the river. I knew it so well that I could have found any book in it blindfold. My unrestricted familiarity with that library gave me a literary habit which has been to me through life an incalculable benefit, whether it has brought success or reputation to me or not. How I have hated the Vandalism which destroyed that room, and what harm its destruction has done to the literary character of the school! Even before it was destroyed it was desecrated. When it came to be used for ordinary school purposes the mystery which pervaded was broken, and the exiled Muse might have cried as she departed, *Great Pan is dead!*'

My last two years at Eton were less barbarous than the others had been, chiefly from the fact that Goodford had appointed as master in college his old pupil, Charles Kegan Paul, an English clergyman, a great friend of Charles Kingsley, who afterward became a publisher and a Roman Catholic. He became friends with every boy, and got to know their virtues and their vices, but he never scolded and never punished. They had free access to his

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rooms and to the society of the cultured ladies who formed his family. After an evening spent thus, with high talk and music, it was impossible not to loath the filth of college life.

I also came to be a bosom friend of Frank Cornish, who was afterward, like myself, a master at Eton, and the tie between us was only severed by death. He first taught me to love Mozart, and had a heart of gold. It will be long before his memory and that of his gifted wife will perish from the records of Eton.

I have said nothing about athletics, which to a present Etonian would seem impossible. We knew little about them, and they had no influence over our society. I was passionately fond of swimming, but at eighty-six I dare not trust myself to the Tiber. I was a good football player; my favorite place was post in the bully, which demanded strength without counsel. On returning to college on November 29, 1855, I was informed that I had been appointed to act as referee at the match between Collegers and Oppidans on the following day. It was a great honor, and the place is now occupied by a master. Of the two umpires, one was a Colleger and one an Oppidan, and when they differed, as they nearly always did, the referee was to decide between them. In the 'wall' game the chief difficulty was to decide whether at a particular time the ball was in or out of 'calx,' which means a chalk line drawn on the bricks of the wall. It was very difficult to distinguish and I tried to be just, and gave three decisions on one side and three on the other. The consequence was that I was hated by both. The Collegers would not speak to me, and when I took the ballot box round in Pop there were cries of 'Shin him, shin him.'

The time now came for my departure from Eton; I was fourth on the list for King's. The first was Witt, afterward a well-known K. C.; then came Churton, a man of saintly life; my friend Bosanquet was third; and then came my unworthy self. Witt and Churton had gone to King's, but there was a danger lest Bosanquet and myself should be left behind. The only way was to induce a Fellow of King's, who was going to be married, to resign before the time. This was effected with some expenditure of money, of which I highly disapproved. The gowns of Bosanquet and myself, having been previously sewn up, were 'ripped' by the provost, the only way by which we could be relieved from the sacred obligation which that garment imposed upon us, and we were admitted as scholars of the elder foundation of King Henry VI on July 29, 1856, the very day on which the Universities Act received the royal assent.

In college at Eton the work begun by Kegan Paul continued, and fifteen years afterward it was the most moral, the most intellectual, and the most distinguished part of the School. I need only mention the names of Bishop Welldon, of Cecil Spring Rice, of Carus Selwyn, to show what it was. Public opinion was all on the right side, and when Selwyn was remonstrated with by the master in college for overstrictness he refused to change his action, saying that he was determined to do his duty, whatever it might cost. It set a splendid example to the rest of the School, and I have no reason to doubt that this high standard continues at the present day.

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DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE[1]

A STUDY IN NATIONAL MANNERS

BY A. R.

THE American press has been hailing us as democrats because our King shakes hands with a tourist from the States. The French have been dismissing us as aristocrats because our King rides on a toy railway at Wembley. What a slap in the face is here for the pessimists who say that the world is standardized and that the Babbitts of London and Paris have just the same ideas as their brother in New York!

For, reading the American and the French comments on these two incidents, one finds it impossible to decide whether the praise or the blame gives the falser picture of English ideas. The American papers talk as though King George's handshake was a self-conscious, democratic 'gesture,' a recognition that all men are the same whether they wear crowns or Stetson hats. Whereas the truth is, as all Englishmen and apparently no Americans realize, that the King was polite, not because he is a doctrinaire democrat, but because he is a gentleman and dislikes scenes in public. Had he snubbed his handshaker there might have been a scene, so his subjects, who would rather die than be guilty of a pushfulness that in the English view is appalling bad manners, feel that he did the right thing, while feeling at the same time no particular resentment against the American, who is excused as intending no offense and as acting up to a quite intelligible code accepted in his country but not in ours.

So much for our being democrats as the term is understood across the Atlantic. We must refuse to be decked with that particular laurel wreath. Are we to accept instead the cap fitted on to us by our critics across the Channel?

They say that the King may wander about the Exhibition and Admiral Jellicoe slide down a spiral toboggan because we are a caste-ridden nation. The gulf between our classes is so deep that nothing our leaders do can lower them in the eyes of the people. Our officers can play football with their men, but when the game is over the gulf remains. Marshal Foch, if he whisked down a water-chute, would find that he had left his baton at the top. His dignity would have been lost, and in a democracy like France a great man dare not compromise his dignity without running the risk of losing his office.

Our classes, it is true, strike the eye even of a foreign visitor. There are no institutions in France that stamp a man so obviously as do public schools. But when one has granted that, one has stated the only accurate thing in the French analysis of the Wembley exploits of our rulers. The real reason why Admiral Jellicoe mounts a toboggan and Marshal Foch mounts nothing less impressive than a war horse is that the English sailor enjoys fooling

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* (Independent Liberal weekly), *June 5*

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while the French soldier does not understand it. If M. Poincaré knew that he could increase his popularity by disporting himself at Neuilly Fair he would do so only as a painful political necessity. If Mr. Baldwin knew that his Ministry would fall if he were seen amusing himself in a frivolous manner he might very well slip off incognito and chance being found out by the photographers. Apart altogether from how their antics appeal to their countrymen, most middle-aged Englishmen are fond of a rag, and all middle-aged Frenchmen have never heard of such a thing. Like dogs, Englishmen keep young at heart when they are old in years, but, like cats, Frenchmen give to each age and rank the behavior to which it is entitled. While they are kittens they gambol, and when they are mature they keep up an appropriate dignity.

But this difference between us and our neighbors is not to be explained away as a class distinction. It goes far deeper than that — it has its roots in the beginnings of our two histories, and it accounts for more important matters than the Amusement Park at Wembley.

The shortest cut to making this clear is a flat reversal of the French verdict, a declaration that we have never had a caste system and that the French have always had one. Up to the Revolution — only five generations ago — they supported a rigid caste which had come down to them without a break from the Middle Ages, which was hedged about by the sternest formality, and to which we have experienced no parallel. Our ruling caste has always been fluid and open to new blood. At no time in our history was it not being enriched by the sinking of some of its members and the addition of others from below.

Even in normal periods this process was at work, and crises like the Tudor Reformation and the Industrial Revolution acted as social earthquakes. So our classes were too much subject to a 'circulation of the élite' for them to become static and to have their privileges legally recognized, as happened in France. The oddity that French critics have just noticed about them has traditionally puzzled Europe. The relations between our officers and men in Armada days perplexed the Spanish dons, and the Georgian squire of the Western type who could get drunk with his farmers without losing 'face' was unique outside, perhaps, Germany.

As soon as the Revolution swept away their aristocrats the French fell instantly under another caste-system — that of the bureaucracy which the Republic set up and which remains to this day meticulously tenacious of its privileges to an extent that in England would provoke a revolution. But this fact that France has always acknowledged a caste and that we have never done so is a symptom and not a cause of our attitude towards personal dignity. The French are the oldest civilized people in the West. Their culture traces an unbroken descent from Rome. And this settled way of life has flourished in a stable agricultural land where comfort was easily accessible, but sudden prosperity was out of reach. The French, therefore, have traditionally been accustomed to making the most of what they had without gambling to increase it. Each one of them has always been perpetually conscious of the status he possessed. Honors have sat gracefully but not lightly upon them.

Our own experience has been precisely opposite. We had hardly finished assimilating our various stocks and clearing our island of its primitive forests and adventuring on the Continent when the New World was discovered and geography had rushed us

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into a fresh adventure. Circumstances have incessantly led us to tackle new tasks. We have never sat down to sip the flavor of our achievement and to regulate our lives on a systematic pattern. Looking back regretfully toward the past, and distrustful of ourselves and of the future, we have nevertheless been hurried forward. Had we the French past behind us, we might have their decorum. But we have gambled through the centuries and have had no leisure to pick up a single fixed theory. Our rulers are not ashamed to join in ordinary amusements, because they have no theory of the dignity of rank. They seize, indeed, all the practical advantages they can from it. They are proud, but they do not stop to analyze or to decide just what are all the theoretical implications of their pride.

On the whole this seems the wiser plan. Rigidity such as is bred out of an ancient, stable society like the French needs a shock to make it move with the times. Our fluidity moves naturally. So before a French caste can be moved a revolution has to be staged, while we have never had a real revolution. It is because they shun water-chutes that the rulers of France have sometimes to face barricades. It is for the same reason that France stands to-day a lonely, dignified figure seeking to revive a settlement of the world that we with our indifference to formality know to be dead. It explains why Paris and not Oxford is the true home of lost causes.

JANE AUSTEN — PSYCHOANALYST[1]

BY LÉONIE VILLARD

[LÉONIE VILLARD is Professor of English and American Literature at the University of Lyon. Her study, *Jane Austen and Her Work*, received the first award of the British Academy of the Rose-Mary Crawshay International Prize.]

JANE AUSTEN, the graceful lady on whose small desk were written, between the intervals of household occupations or social amusements, the pages of *Pride and Prejudice*, and of the other masterpieces, was never subjected during her lifetime to the glare and noise of popularity. She would not — fastidious and refined gentlewoman as she was — have welcomed them. Besides, how could such books as hers have been really popular even in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when, with characteristic and total indifference to the literary fashions of the day, she steadily ignored the romantic pose and the romantic habit of mind, choosing sincerity as the condition of her art?

Just as she refused to be blinded or dazzled by any romantic glamour, she would not accept any sentimental illusion. And thus, though her books received when they first came out the moderate amount of praise and appreciation that sufficed to gratify her modest expectations, Jane Austen, before entering upon her immortality, had to wait for the years when romantic pas-

[1] From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *May* 9

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sion and Victorian sentiment had died away.

From the time when the publication of the *Memoir* revealed something of her private life, Jane Austen and her works have passed beyond all fluctuations of taste and have entered that heaven of fixed stars peopled only by those whose works are entitled to the name of 'classics.' Yet this does not mean that her novels do not possess for each new generation a fresh appeal, and that, though much has been found out about her, the last word has been said.

An instance of these variations might be found in the fact that at the end of the last century and until recent years Jane Austen was praised above all for her powers of observation. Her figurative description of the 'little bit of ivory two inches wide,' upon which she wrote, seems to indicate that she valued her work for that quality beyond every other.

Her humor, her power of vivid presentation and delineation of character, her abundant vitality, her clear-sighted view of life — all these merits received by turns the praise that was due. But if we look at her novels with eyes made capable of a new vision by the latest conceptions of psychology, we come to think that, on a special and important point, Jane Austen's work has not yet been really understood.

Her books have been admired more for their outward and immediately visible beauties than for a deeper excellence, by virtue of which some of them, written over a hundred years ago as they were, possess the very qualities which the newer school of fiction esteems above all. These have not yet been seen for what they really are — a study of the 'subconscious.' At a time when subconscious psychology was not even conceived of, her intuition of its existence and value seems to-day little short of the marvelous. It is in the development of that faculty, far more perhaps than in a new softness and occasional tenderness of tone, that we may note the growth of Jane Austen's powers as the years ripened her genius, and brought it the possibility of such a perfect piece of work as *Emma*.

To see how she first dimly realized what the hidden forces of intuition and temperament could work, and how they could inevitably decide the actions of a given person, we have only to compare the brilliant masterpiece of her first youth, *Pride and Prejudice*, with the perfect work of her maturity. In *Pride and Prejudice* — and here we leave purposely aside the comedy of manners, the humorous characters, the exquisite picture of provincial life, and so many other things that delight us in its pages — the whole dramatic value of the plot turns upon the fact that the outward antagonism between Darcy and Elizabeth, unpremeditated and sincere as it seems, is in reality due to error, to pride and prejudice, and must at last disappear before a conviction that they are made for each other.

Yet *Pride and Prejudice*, with all its character studies, is founded chiefly upon incident: it is the outward drama of life, the comings and goings, the external events that are mainly dwelt upon. Jane Austen, a girl of twenty, has already guessed at the existence of a powerful undercurrent moving human beings, whether they will or no, to like and to dislike.

It is in *Emma* that she makes full use of her knowledge. In this supreme work of art, incident, lively and varied as it is, character, lifelike and finely differentiated as she draws it, are merely signs of something deeper. Our eye may dwell with ever-renewed pleasure on the picture of the monotonous yet busy life of Hartfield and Highbury, but beyond this surface interest there is one

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of another kind. *Emma*, indeed, from beginning to end, resembles one of those old parchments in which secret writing is hidden under a skillful pattern seemingly made to attract and fully satisfy the eye of the beholder. An incident in appearance not more fraught with meaning than any other, a word apparently said at random, a thought that rises unbidden in the mind and is at once dismissed — all these will be found at the end of the book to have possessed a deep, unsuspected significance.

Parallel with the secret of Frank Churchill's engagement, another secret of greater moment is delicately unraveled through the pages of the novel, and comes to be fully disclosed only at the last. From the beginning, if we know how to read the book, we see that in the well-balanced, clever, and brilliant Emma Woodhouse there are possibilities and tendencies she herself does not dream of, for all her cleverness and her habit of self-analysis.

Beside the meditations and the plans of Emma for her own future, as well as for that of others, there runs unseen, almost unsuspected, the undercurrent of her real self, the unconscious self that has loved Mr. Knightley ever since she was capable of affection. How, little by little, under the pressure of external circumstances, and though her meditations have done everything to lead Emma and the reader astray, we come to see this real self is perhaps the greatest beauty in a novel so rich in merits. This unconscious self, to which Emma in her pride and vanity will never give leave to manifest itself, appears to disappear quickly when she hears for the first time that Mr. Knightley may be in love with Jane Fairfax. This first clue as to the existence of a subconscious vein of feeling in the heroine is followed up to the point where Emma, stunned by suffering, rests for a moment from her mistaken self-probings and comes to realize, with the hidden forces of her individuality, what they have always tended to.

All through the book incident possesses more than its mere dramatic value: its significance goes to the very roots of character. And though Jane Austen never insists upon the subconscious element that plays such a large part in *Emma*, yet we see that with this book she may be recognized for one of the pioneers of the modern conception of subconscious psychology, as applied to the art of the novel. Our realization of the value of that element increases our admiration for the miraculous gifts of an artist whose intuition could lead her — though she was unaware of having entered hitherto uncharted country — to probe the very depths of character and reach the most potent factor of personality.

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WILD LIFE IN THE LONDON DOCKS[1]

BY W. L. PUXLEY

VERY few people, except those whose business takes them there, have any idea of the charm to be found in the great enclosure which the Port of London Authority has put up for many miles along the river-front from London proper to the estuary of the Thames. Enclosed in this great area a number of animals and plants live, sheltered in a great measure from interference owing to the great wall of the palisade, and it would surprise many people if they could know what interesting and often beautiful sights are to be seen in the near neighborhood of London.

Once beyond the actual City, and after leaving Barking, the country opens up more and more, and within the palisade are great stretches of land, mostly low-lying, with large tracts of water bordered with reeds where wild fowl build their nests; and in the evening these sheets of water reflect the setting sun, and hedged in by their tall fringes of reeds you can easily fancy yourself in some wild and desolate place far from the haunts of men. Rabbits play about in the rough ground near and there is plenty of food for them, for there are large tracts of ground covered with endless grass and weeds.

One of the most interesting features of the whole place is found in the number of strange foreign plants which can be seen growing, and sometimes flowering, here, brought, no doubt, by the ships which are busy unloading along the quays and docks on the water's edge. One day, for instance, I found a gully filled with the flowering plants of the castor-oil, with its red and yellow blossoms. It is true they had dwindled in size since they had been brought by some ship from Africa; but they had managed to survive, and here for several years in succession I found the quaint flowers, which are probably there now, ever dwindling in size yet strangely reminiscent of the rough river-bed from which they came in the days when they were brought from Africa in some packing-case.

These cases are frequently broken open on arrival, and one sees multitudes of tiny plants of unknown species coming up in all likely and unlikely spots. Thousands of tiny seedlings of linseed sprout between the trolley-lines which run along the quay-sides, only to be crushed, but always trying afresh to obtain a footing there. One man who lived in the docks amused himself during a season or two by planting unusual plants round his little wooden shelter, and here one could see flax with its pretty blue flowers, hemp, anise, dill, and many of the spices which the ships bring with them. Once, too, I found numbers of datura plants in flower, scenting the air as they had done in their Eastern home; and once a sheet of henbane in far larger quantities than I have ever seen anywhere else, unmolested here from year to year.

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One day I was watching a reedy gully which bordered a little stream, for the sake of observing the great numbers of sedge-warblers who were building their nests in the swaying

[1] From the *Cornhill Magazine* (London literary monthly), *June*

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reeds, when my attention was caught by a flower I had never observed there before, and I found it to be a beautiful gladiolus brought, no doubt, in some case from the Transvaal or another of its native places, and after the first I saw there were several there, having established themselves in the moist soil which caught all the sun it could manage, and indeed the plants seemed to be doing well. Many beautiful natives grow in profusion here also, such as ragwort, which is found in dense masses and in the season is covered with the ringed caterpillars of the cinnabar moth, which in summer fly in vast numbers in the docks, making bright scarlet and black specks in those solitudes.

Other beautiful moths and butterflies love the docks. I have seen copper butterflies settling on the great flowers of the convolvulus, and indeed I never saw this flower elsewhere growing in such beauty as it does here. Sometimes it covers the ground for a long way round with huge white or pink bells, or it will be the small variety but with a wealth and profusion of flowers difficult to realize. Succory, too, makes many a bare patch of ground beautiful, while in the season toadflax absolutely covers the ground for great distances. One more beautiful effect must be mentioned, for in the autumn starwort runs along the creeks and canals like lines of blue fire. And these are only a very few of the flowers to be seen so near the heart of London.

In the springtime the air is literally filled with the songs of birds. Larks are to be found in great numbers in spite of the increasing number of cats that run wild in the docks and prey upon the birds they catch. Black-headed buntings are common here, and robins and wrens, and along the river-bank you can always see long lines of gulls and terns feeding on the edge of the tide or resting on the roofs of the warehouses and other buildings.

The best time to observe the wild things is on Sunday, when as a rule the docks are still and no huge vessels are being unloaded. Few people are about then, and it is possible to have an early ramble and scarcely see a soul from start to finish. In the distance you can hear the sound of church bells, but they do not disturb the peace of the whole place, and the birds can be heard singing in chorus any fine day. There are few trees, it is true, but there are numbers of hawthorns and some crab-apples which in their season make a beautiful picture; and it is odd, too, what curious things from all parts of the world can be picked up sometimes. One day I found a Chinaman's hat thrown away, and once I saw a row of German helmets put on the young rhubarb plants which one of the officials had planted in a row in a quiet spot.

Not long ago the papers reported that a frilled lizard from Australia had been found on one of the little railway lines which run from the docks — I expect it had come over in some goods where it had stowed itself; and I once found a most curious insect, like a gigantic hornet, which had been concealed in a huge bunch of bananas which had come from South America in the same way. Once, too, I saw a beautiful bird-wing butterfly flying about the docks, having hatched out in one of the warehouses after lying hidden like any other stowaway until the right time came. These foreign visitors look very much out of keeping with our climate, and probably do not live long. Thus, I once saw some bales from East Africa unpacked at the quays, and they were full of a little green tropical beetle; but next day these all appeared sluggish, and the following day not one was alive as far as I could see.

Many strange foreign things are

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brought into the docks almost every day. Now and then it is a load of beautiful ornamental woods from the East, and once a ship came in laden with spices from the Moluccas, and they scented the air for a long way round for some days, making breathing a delight; and more than once I have picked up some valuable ivory-nuts from South America which had fallen from one of the sacks or cases in which they had been brought to England; it is in this way that so many foreign plants take root here. And sometimes the holes in the sacks are made by rats which had bored into them for the sake of making their nests inside; and when the sacks are sewn up or the cases are repaired, it frequently happens that a whole family of rats is doomed to perish, for the mother cannot get back to feed them. I saw a sack of rice opened one day which contained the dead bodies of a family of black rats, for these, the indigenous rats of England, are fairly common still in the docks, though gradually being exterminated by the brown or Hanoverian rat.

In order to cope with the rats, cats were introduced into the docks long ago by the Port of London Authority, and by this time they must be considered as part of the 'wild life' there, for they belong to no one, and keep themselves. They produce their kittens beneath some pile of old timber of which there is much lying about the docks, and have grown so numerous now that they are becoming a pest. Added to which, they have so few enemies to fear — dogs not being admitted except in rare instances — that they do not trouble to get out of the way for anything, nor will they take the trouble to climb up the trees or palisade if danger threatens. Indeed I have seen one cut in two by a passing train, since they will not even get out of the way of these.

I saw a very pretty sight one day. A vessel came in from South America and berthed at the 'New Dock,' — that is, the one built out near the river with a great stretch of green land in front, — and here a great number of foreign birds were landed, many of them so tame that they were not confined but were climbing about among the men. Some of them were being sold cheaply by the crew, and you could see lories and parrots of many kinds, as well as other species, fluttering about among the English foliage. It was a sunny summer day, and the effect of the brilliant plumage was very striking. Once, too, I saw a number of animals intended for the Zoo being landed, and the elephant was swung far above the water in a sling, while a camel made much more fuss, and both then walked through the streets on their way to their new quarters.

From a South American ship also two curious animals escaped and wandered about the enclosure for some days before being captured. They looked like gigantic guinea pigs rooting among the grasses and reeds, and seemed to enjoy themselves.

But among the natives must be reckoned the hedgehogs, which, with the rabbits, must have been enclosed when the palisade was put up, for neither could get in now; and these can often be seen at dusk coming out of their seclusion and hunting for insects or snails and adding a touch of real country near the heart of a great city; and indeed, when the sun is setting and its red light is reflected on the quiet ponds in their fringes of reeds, it is difficult to believe that just beyond the great barrier live millions of human beings, so peaceful is the scene which no sound disturbs except for the birds which are singing their evening songs.

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THE BLACK DRESS[1]

BY SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

ALITA wears a black dress now.

It happened this way. I said to Alita — Alita is my native cook, and we live in Johannesburg — I said, 'Alita, you are no longer a young woman. You have a grandchild. Don't you think it is time you had a black dress?'

Alita met my eyes squarely.

'No, missis,' she said with firmness.

'Don't you *want* a black dress?'

'No, missis.'

'But, Alita, black is very nice. All the white people are wearing it. Even the young people.'

Alita shook her head.

'And think,' I persisted, 'how beautiful it will look on Sundays when you have on your new black shawl with the long fringes.'

Hesitation flickered for a fragment of time on Alita's face. But she answered me with gentle decision.

'The shawl is our custom. But we Kafirs don't wear black just for play. Missis, black is a big thing.'

I could not oppose such an argument. Why should Alita's dress belie her heart? Let other folks' servants appear in black if they chose. Alita could go round as always in her blue dress with the little white spots, or the purple with the cheerful stripe. If that was how Alita felt, why then it was artistically right for her to dress so too. Is it not what the best fashion-papers advocate? Do they not say one ought to express one's individuality in one's clothes?

Besides, Alita has a dignity which is independent of dress. It is not only that she owns a property in Bloemfontein, her home town, for which she gets ten shillings a month rent, and that she has been paying insurance for her funeral for the last twenty-five years; it is not only that her mother once worked for President Steyn, and that the Kafir minister comes to call on her, and she brings him tea and biscuits where he sits gravely waiting for her. It is that Alita is intrinsically noble. Her life has been a long sacrifice for first one and then another of an unsatisfactory family. She has never, in any particular, failed a human being. She lives by her conscience. She is not, I must admit, neat or graceful, but she is cheerful, and often wise. I cannot think what sort of world it will be when Alita no longer knocks at my room in the morning saying, 'Ten minutes past seven.'

About that, by the way, there is a secret between us. I am the only white person who is aware that Alita cannot tell the time. She knows when it is ten minutes past seven because the mine hooters go at seven. She regulates most of her activities by the mine hooters, but she gets up betimes in the mornings because she is, as she says, a fowl.

It is her pride which prevents her both from admitting her ignorance and from curing it, just as it is her pride which makes her sit every afternoon on a stone, in view of the passers-by, reading a newspaper. Alita does not, as she herself confesses, know 'where the *a* points'; but it looks well for the house, she thinks, that the cook should sit near it reading the paper.

[1] From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *May*

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And so I resigned myself to Alita's gay dressing, and life went on as it had done before I became ambitious about her clothes.

Then, one day, a little odd thing happened. There was a bottle of lavender water on a shelf, and it looked white and opaque instead of yellow and clear, and I said idly to Alita: 'I wonder what made it change like that.'

Alita did not reply, and the subject dropped.

But when next I saw the bottle, I told myself that water must have been added to the lavender, and I thought: 'How does water pour itself into a bottle?'

Alita could not suggest an explanation when I put the puzzle to her.

'But, you see, Alita,' I said, 'it means someone has taken the lavender and has tried to deceive me by filling up the bottle with water.'

'Who would want to deceive missis?' said Alita.

I pointed out that we had a new house-boy — 'and I don't like to think he comes upstairs,' I added.

'Isaac is not a boy to behave like that,' declared Alita.

'Yes, but who else can it be? A bottle does not, on its own behalf, do such things.'

Alita answered me with feeling: —

'But missis must not suspect Isaac. It makes my heart sore.'

She went away into the kitchen, and was very quiet all morning, and I could see that she was dissatisfied with me for having brought about an unpleasant atmosphere in the home; and perhaps, I thought to myself, it would indeed have been wiser if I had said nothing about a matter of so little consequence.

After lunch Alita asked me if she might go into town. Toward evening I saw her coming back with a bundle on her head. Alita's modern sister, Lena, or her fashionable daughter, Emily, would not walk about Johannesburg with bundles on their heads. Nor could they do so, because, with constant plaiting, they have trained their hair to grow, and they wear hats. But Alita still swathes round her scalp of peppercorns the traditional headcloth; and she even comes upstairs, when no one is looking, carrying household things on her head instead of in her hands.

Alita walked with her bundle straight to her room. She did not, as usual, first offer to show me her bargains, and make me bear witness to her receipts. And it was not till evening that I knew what it was Alita had gone to town to buy.

She was wearing a black dress.

'But Alita,' I said, 'you are not in mourning. Why are you wearing black?'

'I must,' said Alita.

'Did you get it this afternoon?'

'Yes.'

'Because I asked you?'

'No. That was only for the one part.'

'And for the other part?'

'For the other part, it was right that I should wear black.'

There was passion in her voice.

'I am a bad woman, my missis. I made a big fault to-day.'

I waited for her to continue.

'It is the bottle of scent.'

Her voice was sinking downward.

'It was I that filled it with water. I did like this with my hand — ' she repeated the movement — 'and I knocked the bottle over.'

Her chin was quivering now.

'I was ashamed to tell missis. And I quickly put a little water in to make the bottle full again.'

I could have laughed, and yet it was pathetic too, to think that this grave and virtuous woman should have feared to tell me that she had knocked over a little bottle of lavender water.

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'Did you think I should be angry?' I said.

'I did not think at all, missis. My heart dropped because I had made an accident' (Alita and I converse in a very degraded Dutch, but she says such words as 'accident' in English — 'upsident' she says); 'the blood came in my head. And I did this thing. Missis, a person keeps herself proud, and then —'

She made a little gesture of abandonment with her hand.

I tried to console her.

'But now you have told me, it is finished.'

'It is not finished. There is another sin, too. Did I not let missis suspect Isaac?'

'You said it was not Isaac.'

'But how could missis know why I said so?'

She would not accept false comfort.

'All this morning,' she went on, 'there was darkness in my heart. And it was when I was beating the eggs that I thought, "Now I will get the black dress missis spoke of." '

It seemed to me there was suddenly a lighter tone in Alita's voice. And I understood why. Alita felt she had done a dramatic thing. It pleased her to wear black for her fault as, in other times, sinners put on hair shirts.

I responded to Alita's changed tone by examining the dress. 'The stuff is really very strong,' I commented. 'What did you pay for it?'

She told me.

'Well, I must say that is cheap,' I said with awe. 'It is wonderful how you manage to get such bargains.'

Alita looked down at her skirt.

'Yes,' she admitted, 'they don't fool Alita in the shops; I know my little things.'

'And I have always thought,' I said, 'that a person's dress ought to go with her shawl. You will hear what the women will say about you next Sunday.'

Alita gave a little sniff.

'Not every woman has taste, my missis. There are some who forget the years. They dress in bright colors, like children. I know a woman who comes to church with a red cloth on her head. How shall such a woman understand black?'

She lifted innocent eyes to mine.

'I will get the shawl, and then missis can see how they go together.'

She went away to fetch it.

I gazed after her with satisfaction. It would look still better that Alita should wear black, I thought, while she was reading the paper under the stone wall.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A TEMPEST AROUND A MONUMENT

WHEN the little hedged enclosure which shelters the bird fountain erected as a memorial to W. H. Hudson was dedicated in Hyde Park, the British literary public clapped its hands in smug satisfaction, the critics indulged in the usual clichés about a great man and his work, there were the conventional references to 'nature,' — whatever that is, — and the press passed to fresh woods and pastures new. Hudson had died, his name had been honored, nothing remained but to discuss his books and — for such as felt it necessary — to read them.

Then came the sculptor Epstein with the Hudson memorial panel which he had been commissioned to design, and no sooner was the panel in position than the fury of the outraged British middle class broke about the monument.

Now Epstein is not a sculptor of the conventional type. He looks to Assyria rather than to Greece for his inspiration. Where he thinks the human form divine can be improved on, he improves on it. Many a tempest in the past has raged about his work and has ultimately subsided. His figure of Christ was little less than a public scandal some few years ago, and his architectural carvings for the Medical Association in London were almost as savagely criticized. The Hudson memorial is of the same sort. It shows the nude figure of the wood sprite Rima, the heroine of Hudson's book, *Green Mansions*, stretching out her arms over the birds. The elbows are dropped, the hands raised, so that the composition has a W as its framework. Below each arm is a bird, and above the left arm is another. The hair — carved in the Assyrian manner — streams out behind. The birds are highly conventionalized, but might at a guess be described as a vulture, a pigeon, and a pelican. Mr. Epstein has made very free with the anatomy of his figure. The hands are huge and grossly out of proportion with the torso, which is like none that ever was on land or sea.

At this point enters the British public, which — to borrow a word from Browning, who in his time had his own troubles — likes Mr. Epstein not, and will have its proper laugh. As usual, the Briton took out his rage by writing to the *Times* and other newspapers. The Honorable Stephen Coleridge seized his pen and indicted a vehement protest against 'the uncouth lumps of

MR. EPSTEIN
As seen by 'Quiz' in the *Saturday Review*

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matter put before us as sculpture to-day.' Another furious Englishman suggests that the British climate will ultimately serve as an artistic ameliorator: —

> Some of us may console ourselves by remembering that, although the panel may now appear very crude and out of place in such surroundings, it will be less conspicuous after a few years' exposure to the London smoke and fog.

The *Outlook* observes editorially that the Committee, the wicked Committee, was to blame: —

> Perhaps the best defense — or the worst — of the Hudson Memorial is that it was approved by a Committee. So was the hideous Cavell statue. So too was the Albert Memorial. In England the word Committee covers a multitude of sins.

A few defenders damn it with faint praise: 'To call the design an atrocity,' says Mr. Frank Rutter, critic of the *Sunday Times*, 'is certainly going too far. Hyde Park might easily have had something far worse.'

The *Evening Standard* says that whatever the merits of Mr. Epstein's conception of Rima may be, 'it is preferable to the horrors in frock coats which disfigure some of our pleasantest public gardens.' But Mr. Epstein is not without friends who praise unqualifiedly. The *Spectator* says: —

> The most remarkable thing about the work is that Mr. Epstein in this small panel, which is longer than it is high, has given us the effect of a group of figures rushing upward like flames. To have produced this vertical impression in a panel so shaped and in such a restricted space and with such an economy of means is a triumph.

And the policeman in Hyde Park is perfectly neutral: 'I went into Hyde Park this afternoon,' writes a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, 'made for the first policeman I saw, and before I could open my mouth he said, "Go along that path as far as you can and you will find it on the right."'

Sir John Lavery, whose portrait of Bernard Shaw attracted attention at the last Academy show, has offered to nominate Mr. Epstein as an Academician, 'to show that the Academy stands behind Mr. Epstein in the Hudson Memorial Tablet controversy.'

♣

'. . . ET CIRCENSES'

ITALIAN papers are full of descriptions of Mussolini's sojourn at the d'Annunzio villa on the Lago di Garda, and among other things the following details are given of the celebration. D'Annunzio presented Mussolini with a talisman which is 'to help unite all Italians.' Then a joy ride over the lake was arranged. An old military motor-boat was mobilized for the purpose, equipped with machine-guns and bombs. Besides the Italian flag, the boat flew the flag of the city of Fiume and a special blue flag with seven stars. D'Annunzio wore a fur jacket, a cap, and high yellow boots, and carried a huge revolver at his belt. When a passenger steamer appeared upon the lake, he gave the command to attack it. General panic arose among the passengers; but not until the last moment, when the 'warship' was close to the unfortunate steamer, did d'Annunzio give a sharp turn to the steering wheel, take off his cap, and greet the passengers with the Fascist war-cry.

Then Fascisti staged a big parade in front of the villa. D'Annunzio made a speech and threw a shower of roses upon the Fascist columns that marched under his balcony.

♣

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN TURKEY

AN anonymous writer in *La Bulgarie*, a propaganda paper published in French at Sofia, bewails the degeneracy of art

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in Constantinople. No longer do the bazaars there offer the browser opportunity to acquire precious bits of handicraft for a small price. Instead, 'the fact is that the great bazaar of Constantinople, which was once a clearing-house par excellence for all the artistic treasures of Asia, is to-day no more than a second-rate affair. Lovers of beautiful old works and the objects wrought with so much patience and love by those great artists, the humble pattern-weavers and metal-workers of the ancient Orient, will be sadly disappointed. The genuine Damascus blades, the beautiful painted glass, the splendid squares of many-colored faïence which one may still see in Brusa, the sumptuous brocades, the carpets so delicate and poetic that one might take them for the flower beds of an eternal spring, the embroideries so finished and minute, incredible as vapor — none of these, with a few rare exceptions, any longer exists, and the price demanded is such that the art-lover can only think of them with melancholy. Everything else is counterfeit, imitation, falsification, and invariably bad work.'

The reason for all this is only too easily guessed. The industrialism of the West is laying its hands upon the Near East as upon everything else, and is working the downfall of the ancient arts. The workmen are losing their taste and pride — partly because the market for their handiwork is changing, as tastes change in the upper levels of Turkish society.

A striking evidence of the way in which European ideas are penetrating the new Turkey is afforded by the founding of an academy of Turkish art, not in Angora, nor even in Constantinople, but in Rome — the classic home of Occidental academies. The expenses of the new institution are to be defrayed by the Angora Government, and the leading spirit, according to the best Western style, is a lady, Mihri Hanum, formerly an art student in Vienna, Paris, Madrid, and Berlin, who some time since founded an art school in Constantinople also. One reason for choosing Rome as the site of the Turkish academy is the fact that light and climate here are more nearly those of the Orient than in the other European capitals, and consequently the Turkish students will receive their training in conditions as closely as possible approximating those under which they will later work.

Mihri Hanum herself recently held an exhibition of her portraits which drew praise from the director of the Luxembourg himself, and also from the Berlin portrait-painter Arthur Kampf, once her teacher. The exhibition amounted to about a hundred paintings, chiefly portraits of the leaders of modern Turkey — Kemal Pasha, Hussein Djavud Bey, Djelaleddin Arif, and Ahmed Riza Bey, President of the Senate, and others. European observers were especially impressed by the European character of the Turkish leaders' countenances, due to the centuries during which the conquering Moslems have married European women.

❋

ACTORS' LEISURE IN PARIS

THE actors and actresses of Paris are out for a rest. At present they perform seven days a week, although French law protects most workers of other kinds. The agitation arises mostly from the artists of the legitimate stage, while those of the music-hall are less insistent, and in some cases even oppose the suggested change. M. Harry Baur, a popular actor and president of the Union des Artistes, urges the closing of all theatres one month, when audiences are at their worst. The music-hall and café performers'

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organization, however, opposes this and complains that there is too much unemployment in their ranks as it is. As for the legitimate actors, they do not really need a rest, because they can always leave their work to the understudies.

A leading manager has come forward with the proposal that the theatres shall close one day a week, while the music-halls and moving-picture houses close another; but as he also suggests that the actors shall give up one day's pay, his suggestion is not likely to be popular.

✠

WHAT A GREAT SOLDIER LOOKS LIKE

THE *Manchester Guardian*, commenting on the fact that Lord Ypres, though an eminent soldier, was in appearance anything but soldierly, describes the personal appearance of a number of famous leaders: —

Lord Ypres, though a dashing cavalry soldier in his South African period, never contrived to look impressive on a horse, and this was not merely the result of small stature. Many great soldiers have been small, but there was always something of distinction about the carriage of Roberts, and Wolseley was a dapper figure. One could find the prototype of Lord Plumer in many portraits of eighteenth-century soldiers, and Foch, though not at all impressive, has a workmanlike air. But Lord Ypres, in plain clothes, would never have been taken for a soldier. Goldwin Smith used the phrase 'rustic' for Grant. Someone else, meeting Moltke in mufti, saw in him a university professor. Lord Ypres might have been mistaken for a moderately successful city man who did not care very much for appearances. Nor did legend attribute to him any of those striking characteristics which generally attach themselves to eminent soldiers. It may be doubted whether anyone who played so prominent a part in the military history of twenty years has had a smaller anecdotage.

✠

THAT EVOLUTION TRIAL

WINGED words which make us wriggle, from the *Saturday Review:* —

Dean Inge informs us through an evening paper that he found America in almost every way immensely ahead of this country. She has utterly outstripped us, apparently, not only in material progress, but in most kinds of moral effect. If it be so, so be it. Only we should like to ask Dean Inge if he can conceive of anyone in this country being prosecuted for the crime of teaching Darwinian evolution. That is what is being done to-day in one American State, with a famous American politician as chief inquisitor. That may indeed argue progress of a sort, as social progress is implied in the parvenu's denial of his ancestors; but a people who cannot see that descent from apes is most plainly avowed by prosecuting anyone who asserts it has still something to learn. The Americans are a very great nation: why not pay them the compliment of criticism, differentiating what is sane and splendid in them from the puerilities of their zeal for prohibition of thought as well as of alcohol?

✠

A FRENCH VERDICT ON MARGOT ASQUITH

INTERNATIONAL literary criticism by the Paris *Matin:* 'Margot Asquith, to-day Lady Oxford, continues to publish her memoirs — to the joy of the public and the terror of her friends.'

✠

FOR BATTLE, MURDER, SUDDEN DEATH, APPLY HERE!

ADVENTUROUS item in the London *Morning Post:* 'Advertiser, no nerves, wants dangerous work, anywhere, anything. — E. F. P., 7320.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Mother's Recompense, by Edith Wharton. London and New York: Appleton, 1925. $2.00.
Day of Atonement, by Louis Golding. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925.
Mr. Petre, by Hilaire Belloc. London: Arrowsmith, 1925.
The Little Brown Baby, by Peter Blundell. London: Bodley Head, 1925.
The Secret Road, by John Ferguson. London: Bodley Head; New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1925.
The Mark of the Beast, by Michael Lewis. London: Allen and Unwin, 1925.

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

In all her long and honorable career Mrs. Wharton has selected no theme more difficult than that of *A Mother's Recompense,* and has never more signally triumphed over the difficulties. That a man should seek to marry the daughter of an old mistress is not, when thought about, more shocking than that he should, as now by the laws of the State he can, marry his deceased wife's sister.

But one has not the time to dwell on it. One is immediately disgusted, and in the upset of one's judgment one is likely to plunge into follies of sentimentality or of cynicism. The more credit, then, is Mrs. Wharton's, since she has in her treatment remained perfectly cool, sensible, and assured. For Mrs. Wharton has so strong a moral sense that she is able to brush away as accidental the incestuous implications, and to concentrate on the essential facts that the mother is jealous, and that the mother has thus emotionally presented to her, as could not otherwise be presented, the horror of handing over her immaculate daughter in marriage to a libertine.

The unclassed and exiled Mrs. Clephane is recalled from the Riviera to the respectability of New York, is redeemed from shabby mock gentility to enjoy honest wealth, and in the spring of her restoration — her early sins forgotten or ignored — is confronted by this problem: Should she let her splendid Anne, who has thus transfigured her by welcoming her home, indulge an affection for shop-soiled, untrustworthy Chris?

This is very nearly the best novel Mrs. Wharton has written. Had she ever been content to display her skill in narration without regard for what she is relating, she would no doubt be acclaimed, by the youngest generation, as a supreme novelist. But she is not a mere virtuoso. Her talents are not wasted on their own display. Leisurely as her methods appear, and are, she is after something — to illustrate the effects of sin upon the sinner. Mrs. Clephane is not quite good enough to sever by the sword of truth her beloved, recovered daughter from Chris, but she is good enough to reject the material profit to be gained from her silence. Mrs. Clephane is a good woman gone wrong, and in all her compromises with evil she is allowed to cherish, like a thing of pure metal, her resistance to one temptation.

There are times when Mrs. Wharton's mistrust of the dramatic becomes positively irksome to the reader, times when her determination that all her characters shall be finely bred interferes with the expression of their desires. 'Reading between the lines' . . . but people in fact do not, and in fiction should not, live always in shadow. They do, however nicely trained, have scenes, and Mrs. Wharton's delicacy in slurring over such crises, in etiolating her own characters, approaches the tedious.

On the other hand, one bends in awe before the genius wherewith Anne is pictured in a few brusque strokes; and Chris, while kept in the background, is displayed and assayed as strongly as is all the atmosphere of that European Home for Lost Wives. An excess of subtlety often means crudity. Fred Landers here is made the subject of an essay, but does not give himself away. He should have spoken and acted, not have so much been discussed in abstract terms. Yet, when all hostile criticism has been made, something which cannot be referred in its entirety to the author's ethics or skill clings to this book; let us call it, for want of a better phrase, creative imagination.

Certainly Mr. Golding is not afraid of the dramatic. Rather has he to beware lest his delight in strong contrasts carry him at times into situations more directly exciting than emotionally convincing. The bulk of *Day of Atonement* is altogether admirable. The sufferings, the mysterious and unexpected beauties, the pungently ironical humors, of Israel in exile are told with complete understanding, from within and from without at once. The Jew as he sees himself, and as the Gentile sees him, are blended in one portrait. This might have been expected from the author of *Forward from Babylon.* What we have now further to admire is the courage and

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subtlety with which Mr. Golding has approached the most powerful, because the primary, needs of man. Eli, expert in arid scholarship, revered for his learning by the orthodox, comes with terror to believe that Whom they crucified was the true Messiah. To his wife above all this seems a blasphemous apostasy, and Eli is dead to Israel and his home, without attaining any comradeship with the Gentile, or indeed soliciting it, for his Christianity is that of Peter, not of Paul.

The tragedy moves on in the English slum to its terrible and necessary end. Nor is the parellel with a more sacred story, though sometimes crudely expressed, wholly illegitimate. But Mr. Golding went quite wrong over the effects upon Eli's son, and, incidentally, marred the form of his story and weakened its appeal. The boy is disgusted with both Jehovah and Christ, and adopts paganism. So far, so good; but to make him a worshiper of Apollo and send him to Sicily to become a Theocritean goat-herd was simply fantastic. The Gods of the Jews and the Christians still reign. The inhabitants of Olympus are buried in fable, and it is a literary affectation to burn incense at their ruined shrines. The planes cannot meet. Not only do the readers disbelieve in Eli's son becoming an Italian peasant, as they would in his turning Harlequin, but also their appreciation of the stark intensity of Eli's own experience is impeded by this instance of Mr. Golding's blindness to the differences existing between the association attached to the symbols he employs. Well, youth must have its fling, its extravagant pedantries, and its muddled whims. These apart, Mr. Golding has with this new novel confirmed his claims to the respectful and enthusiastic attention of all lovers of contemporary fiction.

With all his old gusto, Mr. Belloc bangs his bladder about the long ears of lawyers, doctors, politicians, and the very rich. A decently impoverished gentleman loses his memory, and as a result, though in pure innocence, impersonates an American millionaire. With no less innocence, he makes three millions, and when his memory is recovered defends his profits in an unforgettable lawsuit. *Mr. Petre* is even more amusing than *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election*, and never have the bees sheltered by Mr. Belloc's shako more harmoniously hummed. Needless to say that Mr. Chesterton is a most sympathetic illustrator.

Mr. Blundell has done better work than *The Little Brown Baby*. Gladstone Mortimer, who is here badgered and humiliated, has nothing but his pomposity to interest us in him, and the plot is rather thin. The author's profound sense of the comic, however, never fails to please, and the doctor and his Japanese wife are among his best creations.

Mr. Ferguson is again to be congratulated on a well-written story of mystery and adventure of the kind in which Mr. Buchan is his only living rival. The scene of *The Secret Road* is India; the struggle to intercept a jewel the appearance of which will herald revolution. . . . *The Mark of the Beast* is cruder stuff, though tinctured by psychology. It contains one excellent novelty, and the action is bustling.

Waterside Creatures, by Frances Pitt. London: Allen and Unwin, 1925. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Morning Post*]

To those who would take natural-history lessons in an easy and delightful way, the books of Miss Frances Pitt may be commended. Her knowledge is wide, her enthusiasm keen, for by day and night she is on the trail of the creatures she loves and understands. The title of her new book, *Waterside Creatures*, explains itself. She introduces us to a pair of otters, which she kept as pets, and proved were not the savages their species are usually depicted. Their intelligence she found of high quality. The value of Miss Pitt's observations are that they are her own. 'I saw them,' is a phrase always in her tales. Further, she has no favorites, and in this volume gives a charming study of the beautiful kingfisher, and, later, by contrast, an equally agreeable account of the water-vole. None is too insignificant for her careful study.

China and Europe, by Adolf Reichwein. London: Kegan Paul; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1925. $5.00.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE connection between Goethe and Confucius seems to be very slight, but that it exists and can be traced is one of the discoveries which may be made in Adolf Reichwein's contribution to a *History of Civilisation*, in which he writes of the intellectual and artistic contests between China and Europe in the eighteenth century. He maintains that the West has borrowed from the Chinese doctrine of the State; that our water-color painting has been influenced by the designers of Chinese gardens; that Leibnitz, Voltaire, and others of our sages owed something to Confucius; that Watteau learned something, consciously or unconsciously, from Chinese embroideries and lacquer; and that Goethe, in his old age, had adopted a Chinese mode of thought. The book has a large number of interesting illustrations.

✽

BOOKS MENTIONED

VILLARD, LÉONIE. *Jane Austen and Her Work.* London: Routledge, 1925. 10*s.* 6*d.*

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THE WINNING LETTERS

FIRST PRIZE

Won by Mrs. Eleanor Forrester Parker, of Boston

To those who have any knowledge of post-war Germany, the election of Hindenburg seems more a matter of human psychology than of national politics.

In the last ten years Germany has had spots knocked out of her. Those spots include most of her national heroes.

She holds inviolate and eternally safe the memory of the young valor that lay dead upon her battlefields. The war gave Germany, as it gave all nations, the great battalions of heroic sacrifice which she, like all nations, holds immortal in her heart.

But her great national heroes — her Kaiser, who ran away — her Crown Prince, who followed him — her Royal Princelings, who saved their royal skins — her Ludendorff, who has become a buffoon — her von Tirpitz, whose savage blunders brought her ruin — she has lost them all.

Remains Hindenburg. Alone of her great figures, he has stood like a rock. Amid the brawlings and ineptitude for governing of a people that for forty years has been trained to be governed, he has remained unflurried — grim, silent, strong.

Is it any wonder in the mess of petty bureaucratic ambitions of dolls that have turned to sawdust, and of idols that have turned to clay — that the German people have in desperation appealed to this immutable figure of a strong man — irrespective of whether he be monarchist or republican, militarist or pacifist, red or black.

Hindenburg is the prototype of a system which large masses of the German people — especially women — have repudiated, but which the monarchistic and militaristic factions wish to reinstate. His election was undoubtedly initiated by those political factions and for their own ends.

But the turning to him of the whole nation is a psychological and not a political phenomenon. He was nominated as a political move, but he has been elected as their one great remaining figure of German strength and German order, and the discipline that Germans know they need.

SECOND PRIZE

Won by Mr. A. Chaimowitz, of New York City

YOUR invitation to say what I think of Hindenburg is a challenge! He is neither a great man, nor a great fool nor a great figurehead. He is not a great man because he has not contributed in any way to our civilization. Future generations who study the World War will learn of him as a Field Marshal on the losing side, whose policy of the mailed fist was an outworn weapon in an emergency where almost superhuman ingenuity, driven by the great need and danger of the hour, conceived, created, and opposed new forms of warfare to every offensive it had to encounter.

In short, Hindenburg had outlived his era and for that he cannot be called a great fool. His opinions, methods, policies, were inevitable to one whose life was coincident with the great commercial and imperial development of Germany. That he grew with his empire, became a personification of its seeming success and strength, is not to be charged against him. Had war not broken out to show the folly and futility of Prussian ideas of power and domination, Hindenburg could only have been pointed at as Germany's best exemplification in its individual subject.

A figurehead Hindenburg is not either. Accustomed to command, honored as conqueror, looked up to as hero and victor, he is far removed from those who need become the tool of others. Wise enough to recognize the republican leanings of the political majority, he can lead Germany as she seems to wish to go; and will use his experience and power and the nation's affection and confidence to keep her on her path, guard her against straying and lead her again to security, prosperity, and peace.

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"Have This Burned (*Signed*) W. J. Bryan"

We feel sure that the chairman of the curriculum committee of the university-to-be at Miami would receive some such order if he attempted to have E. M. East's "Heredity — the Master Riddle of Science" included in the collateral reading.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is one of the moving spirits in the new $15,000,000 educational project. He would emphatically state that Mr. East's article is rank heresy.

* * *

It is in the July Scribner's Magazine for all to read.

* * *

For one thing, Mr. East doesn't even argue about evolution. He accepts it.

* * *

Edward East has had an interesting life (not that we think to add or detract one bit from the article as it now stands by this statement. But the popular impression is that a scientist is a dry old bird without much actual experience in life or much blood in his veins).

* * *

He graduated from high school into a steam pump factory where he learned, says he, "to take — and give — hard knocks smilingly if not gracefully."

* * *

Here he made money to buy chemistry books. He went to college, became an instructor.

* * *

Then it was that the mysteries of biology, with its human and useful qualities, lured him.

* * *

He is now one of the greatest biologists.

* * *

And because he is interested in the human application of biology rather than theories as such, he has the ability to express his ideas and his discoveries to the non-scientific.

* * *

Even our notoriously non-scientific mind can follow with ease and pleasure his exposition and his reasoning.

* * *

(N.B. Remember, that confession is not the Editor's. Nor is it official at all. Entirely private.)

* * *

Cross-sex puzzles, one finds, are easier to solve than cross-word puzzles, once you know how.

* * *

"Heredity and Sex" by Dr. East appears in the August Scribner's Magazine — out July 24.

* * *

There perhaps you will find your own theory of sex-determination among five hundred or so other dead ones.

* * *

There you will see the real truth about the marriage of near relatives.

* * *

And there you will hear about the Society of Prospective Ancestors.

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THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1925

'Please, Mr. Wilson!'

BY

A PRESIDENTIAL INTERVIEWER

Shanghaied Shanghai

Dear Old Lorna Doone

BY

J. L. GARVIN

Home Brew—Watered

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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